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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS ORLANDO IN "AS YOU LIKE IT,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Behold in me the modest and successful gambler! I have come away from Monte Carlo with money in my purse, the money of the bank, the money which ought to have gone to the Grimaldis (I wish the family name of the Prince of Monaco did not remind me of a famous clown and his red-hot poker), who receive a hundred thousand francs a month from the gaming-tables, and two and a-half per cent. on the daily receipts above a certain sum. I do not say the Prince will be harassed by a serious diminution of his revenue. The croupier who paid me my winnings did not appear to be much disturbed; nor did the spectators regard me as a prodigy of good fortune, to be studied with awe and imitated with advantage. I played a game so unassuming, indeed, that it was ignored by the whole table. While others were heaping their rouleaux of gold on the red or black or "plunging" on zero, I was making the humble five-franc piece double itself, obscurely but surely. Talk about the depreciation of silver! Why, at least one waistcoat pocket was stuffed with the large, smooth coins, which remind me of the medals of the Royal Humane Society, though at Monte Carlo they are put to a purpose which can scarcely be described as salvage!

So now I am sunning myself in Italy with the proceeds of this astuteness. The sum is not large; if I were to mention the precise figure, it might excite derision among the millionaires who read this page; but it will keep me for a while in macaroni and chianti, the simple fare on which I am cultivating the homely virtues, far from the flesh-pots of St. James's Street. Now I am not one of those gamblers who, when they have made a stroke of genius, keep the secret to themselves, or sell it to the highest bidder. In a Nice Journal, among the advertisements of *demoiselles*, young, beautiful, elegant, who desire to make the acquaintance of philanthropists, I find an expert at roulette offering his infallible system to a capitalist with six thousand francs. Heaven has preserved me from such selfishness. My little plan is free to all the world. The numbers of roulette are inscribed on the table in three columns, with a space at the foot of each. You put five francs on one of these spaces, and if the winning number chances to belong to that particular column, you receive double your stake. The advertising expert will smile at my simplicity. The gambler who throws a thousand-franc note on a number in the hope of winning thirty-five times his stake will disdain my unpretending method. The average novice yields to the superior attraction of red and black, and commonly backs the red with romantic persistence. To me the uncertainty of the number to which the ball will attach itself when its curvettings in the spinning-wheel are over, has a greater fascination than either colour. Like everything else in this world, it is an affair of temperament rather than calculation; and, if you are temperamentally disposed to gamble modestly, you have your entertainment at the smallest price.

To many people like myself, devoid of the passion for gambling, the element of chance in roulette, as in life, is eternally interesting. Mathematicians profess to have reduced it to a scientific formula. At Monte Carlo everybody goes about with a card and a pencil, and many pretty brows are twisted over elaborate reckonings. I am always meeting old gentlemen who have solved the problem of zero. Zero has a trick of turning up unexpectedly when nobody has staked on it, and then the remorseless croupier sweeps the board. But in spite of all the calculations, the real charm of roulette is the pure romance of hazard. It is far more piquant than chloral to jaded nerves. Look at that old woman, whose features are gnarled and wrinkled till no expression is left save in the restless eyes. She plays with the utmost caution. The card at her elbow is a maze of arithmetic through which she is laboriously seeking the heart of the revolving mystery. She will try to persuade you, as she has persuaded herself, that she has no thought except for the bald prose of dross and gain; and yet, were the secret of the wheel suddenly revealed to her, all its magic would vanish. She is a philosopher without knowing it; but for the true enjoyment of philosophy in this, as in all other branches of the human comedy, you must guard against excess. The irony of life, if you tempt it too far, is apt to turn upon you savagely and rend you to pieces. Take it calmly, in moderate doses. The mysterious factor, call it what you will, which operates beyond the reaches of character and ambition, must not be provoked by intemperance. *Faites vos jeux, Messieurs*, as the croupier says, but do it discreetly. Content yourself with the five-franc piece at the bottom of the column.

A French journalist conceived the brilliant idea of asking a number of his most celebrated *confrères* to express their sentiments about Christmas. After reading three columns of their letters, I came to the melancholy conclusion that there is at least one topic on which the most ingenious French writer is unable to say anything new. Two letters only had a certain element of freshness. One of them complained that Christmas was too close to New Year's Day. The other was written by a doctor who entered with professional earnestness into a judicious regimen for indigestion. Perhaps he seized this opportunity to vindicate the faculty against the imputations of some Parisian journals, prompted to a campaign against the doctors by recent disclosures as to illicit operations. The philosophic Marcel Prévost, in an article headed "Le Tocsin," warned the medical fraternity that they were on the brink of a revolution in which, if not guillotined by an indignant public, they would be proscribed, and deprived of their means of livelihood. So violent was the outbreak that François Coppée, who represents among French writers the rare conjunction of the literary gift and common sense, was obliged to point out the absurdity of condemning the whole medical profession because one or two of its members had been convicted of criminal practices. He did not add that if the doctors were made outlaws, and the Marcel Prévosts were left to cure themselves, the physical condition of some vociferous French journalists would soon be quite unenviable.

I am rather depressed just now by the sanitary suggestions in certain guide-books. One authority classes among indispensable articles "elastic kid boots," gimlets, hat-guards, spectacles, and snuff. Hat-guards I can appreciate in a high wind, and spectacles when the Riviera sun is blazing on a white road; but what is the imperative use of gimlets? Perhaps they are needed for letting daylight into the skull of the average *concierge*, who is perfectly innocent of everything that is going on beyond the limits of his hotel. What are "elastic kid boots"? Can they be the old "spring-sides" which flourished in the days of crinoline and the pork-pie hat with an ostrich feather? And why should I take snuff? Is it because decent cigars and cigarettes are so rare on the Continent? Must I consume my tobacco through the nose, and return to town with a chronic sneeze, and an old bandanna handkerchief to disguise the traces of this new habit? The only person I know who takes snuff is Mathias in "The Bells." When he achieves the master-stroke of diplomacy which, he thinks, safeguards him against the consequences of his crime, he clutches a prodigious pinch from his snuff-box, and exclaims, "It was necessary!" and waves his bandanna in triumph. This is most effective on the stage; but how am I to palm off a handful of snuff on a drawing-room full of people with the same piece of business?

A friend, who pressed upon me an ancient Italian phrase-book before I left London, may be interested to learn that "ear-picks," which figure conspicuously in this volume, are apparently out of date in Italy. I almost wish that Worcester sauce were superannuated too; not that I have any objection to that appetising liquid, but because it has become a monotonous symbol of nationality. When I sit down to a meal I find a bottle of it at my elbow. It has been placed on the table as if it were the Union Jack. Wherever I go it pursues me. I am haunted like the man in Poe's story of "William Wilson," who is always meeting his own image. Perhaps that supernatural bottle contains my life-blood, which, when I smash the vessel some day in uncontrollable anger, will bedew the best hotel table-cloth! After wandering among precipices in the train on my way to Grasse, I dreamed that I was falling into unfathomable abysses, with the bottle hovering over me, while the strains of a violin performed my dirge. The violinist was a harmless young man I had met at a *table d'hôte*, who took his instrument into the drawing-room after dinner for the entertainment of the visitors. I wish that young man had taken snuff instead!

## NEW YORK IN PICTURE.

Messrs. Mabie, Todd, and Bard, the enterprising proprietors of that blessing of the busy man, the "Swan" fountain pen, are at the present time sending a handsome present, in the form of a portfolio of New York views, post free to anyone who chooses to apply to them for a copy at 93, Cheapside. The volume, which is one of the illustrated hand-books issued by Mr. Moses King, the Boston publisher, contains one hundred and forty views of New York, admirably reproduced from photographs, and accompanied by concise descriptive lines. An inspection of the views presented in the volume conveys some idea of the wonderful development which the city has made within the last hundred years. Truly, the great-grandfathers of the present generation would have much ado to recognise the quaint town which once covered but the lower part of Manhattan Island.



# THE DUMPIES

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

## THE COMING OF THE BEAR.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

For it is written, that whatsoever abideth with the Dumpies shall become of a presence squat, and manner unwieldy, even as they.

THE KAYRAN.

These are the chronicles in prose and rhyme of the year of Amenities, so called because of its being the period during which the Dumpy people who

dwelt in the Land of Low Mountains, Country of Kay, made friendships with many wild birds and beasts.

It was in the first week of said year. The snow lay deep without, and, because of prolonged Christmas festivities, there was dearth of sweets within. The Dumpy people, who subsist almost entirely upon sweetmeats, were in sore need.

Now in this crisis the snow-birds—long their faithful friends—remembered a tree of honey which lay in the forest without; or, as the chronicles have it—

Came their faithful friends, the snow-birds, saying, "We have found a tree filled with honey," and the Dumpies straightway hurried forth to see.

Wide-out, Commodore and Waddle, Wiseacre and Topsy-loo,

Jolly-boy, and many others, while ahead the snow-birds flew.

Thus they reached their destination, but their plans were still unmade.

When they heard a voice of thunder roaring through the forest's shade—

"What are you doing in my honey-tree?"

And a chorus of smaller voices—

"Yes, what are you doing in our honey-tree?"

Then the frightened snow-birds scattered, and the Dumpies in dismay

Wildly walked upon each other in their haste to get away;

Fell and wallowed in the snow-drifts—ran till they could run no more—

When the angry voice behind them changed into a merry roar.

Then they paused to look and listen, and behold! what did they see

But a big old she-bear leaning back against their honey-tree;

And a row of cubs beside her, and the cubs and mother, too,

Held their sides and shrieked with laughter while the Dumpies bolder grew.

"Come back here, you funny people!" called the she-bear, as soon as she could speak.

"Yes, come back here, you funny people!" called all the little bears, as soon as they could speak.

"I won't hurt you," called the she-bear; "come back!"

"No, we won't hurt you," called all the little bears, "come back!"

The Dumpies gathered from their hiding places and drew nearer.

"Come close, and we will sing you a song," said the she-bear.

"Yes, come close, and we will sing you a song," chorused all the little bears.

The Dumpies now gathered around in a circle, and the she-bear sang the first line of a ditty, while all the little bears joined in, as follows—

The Mother—Oh, I am the bear of the deep, deep woods;

The Cubs—Yes, the bears of the woods are we.

The Mother—My power is great,

The Cubs—And we live in state

All—In a great big hollow tree.

In a great big hollow tree, yes, yes,

In a big old hollow tree.

The Mother—All things are mine in the deep, deep woods;

The Cubs—Yes, ours, as you'll plainly see;

The Mother—All the herbs that grow,

The Cubs—And the berries, ho, ho!

All—And this is our honey-tree.

And this is our honey-tree, yes, yes,

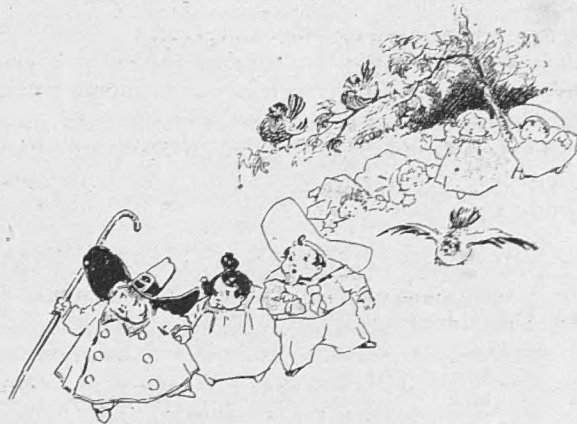
Our big old honey-tree.

"How in the world did you ever expect to get my honey, anyway?" asked the big bear, as they finished their song.

"Yes, how in the world did you ever expect to get our honey, anyway?" chimed in all the little bears.

Wiseacre, the sage, explained at some length a plan which he had formed. At this the bears all laughed again, and Wiseacre was about to depart offended, followed by all the Dumpy band.

"Don't go off mad," said the she-bear; "I'll divide with you."



"No, don't go off mad," said all the little bears; "we'll divide with you."

The Dumpies returned eagerly.

"This is very kind of you," said Wiseacre; "and if you will come with us to the Land of Low Mountains, we will show you many nice ways of preparing it. We have a particularly fine tart, which we make out of honey and whipped cream."

"Oh, how nice that sounds!" said the big bear.

"Oh, how nice that sounds!" repeated all the little bears; "let us start at once."

Then the big bear, who in those days graceful was and long of limb,

And the little cubs, who also then were very tall and slim,

Scaled the tree and got the honey, for the bees were numb with cold,

And the Dumpies gaily bore it safely to the Dumpy fold.

And they formed a long procession. Wiseacre marched on ahead;

And, because of her great beauty, Topsy-loo the she-bear led.

Merry-wink was perched upon her, likewise Sober-sides, his chum,

And behind them, bearing Dumpies, all the happy cubs did come.



Commodore and Jolly-boy, who were both smitten with the charms of Topsy-loo, endeavoured to get near her, and each begged her to take his place on the cub's back, but she proudly preferred to walk and lead the she-bear.

And thus it was that the bears came to dwell with the Dumpy people. For, after a time of feasting without labour, as is the custom of the Dumpies, the legs of the big bear began to grow shorter, and the legs of the little bears began to grow shorter, while the bodies of all got broader and heavier, and the tendency to active employment less and less.

In the country of the Dumpies they remained for many a year, Joining in their strange adventures, and of these we soon shall hear.





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Jan. 6, 1897.

Signature.....

**"A MAN ABOUT TOWN," AT THE AVENUE.**

One of the good resolutions with which I began the New Year was to try to find good in everything. Since "A Man About Town" is the first play of 1897, I have been trying very hard to be loyal to the good resolution, and succeeded, I think. The good, alas! is not in the piece itself, but in the style of the thing. Really, it would be delightful to have a company of players able to sing and dance as well as act, and put them into a light farce, cleverly written, with leave to dance and sing in the places where otherwise the weak spots would be. Of course, this would not produce an absolutely new form of entertainment—indeed, it is but one kind of the Protean vaudeville, and we have had rare instances in our times and town. We possess a fair number of artists fit for the work. In "A Man About Town" there is one—Miss Alma Stanley. She is not, perhaps, a brilliant vocalist, but can sing very pleasantly, dance passably, and act admirably; unfortunately, in the new work she has nothing to do save give little hunger-exciting samples of her skill. Moreover, Miss May Edouin, a clever dancer, who made a hit with her "tarantelle," has a pretty voice and an instinct for acting; indeed, if she would learn to tone down her work and could grasp the idea involved in the word "restraint," she might become a valuable actress, and as she is very young, she may. The others, alas! are out of place in vaudeville, with, perhaps, exception of Mr. Sidney Howard, an actor of ability who had a silly part. One can imagine quite a charming entertainment then, irregular, no doubt, as a form of art, but not necessarily artless, which, compared with that gorgeous monster, the ordinary musical farce, with its big chorus, heavy scenery, and variety-hall flavour, would be light, alert, and gay.

I am afraid that "A Man About Town" is not light, alert, or gay. It is the right sort of thing wrongly done. The humour, as a whole, is on a level with the jest in the author's pseudonym "Huan Mee," which I believe is a comical way of saying "You and Me." Such humour is not exhilarating when taken in large doses. Nor does Mr. Alfred Carpenter prove himself to be a Sullivan, though, from the style of his music, one would guess that he aims at Sir Arthur's place, and hopes that if he were to get it no one would notice the difference. I fear that I have not quite succeeded in carrying out the good resolution, but, really, one should not put good resolutions to a very severe test when they are young. At any rate, that is my experience.

**A DISCIPLE OF DICKENS.\***

Mr. Charles James is a disciple of Charles Dickens, whose influence is distinctly traceable in the light, witty, humorous style in which he treats of subjects of, perhaps, a more romantic character than those affected by the master. His previous work, "On Turnham Green," showed him to be thoroughly imbued with the dashing, enterprising spirit of the last century, when George III. was King, and the laxity and unwieldiness of the law of the land gave such fine opportunity for unexpected, romantic, delightful possibilities in everyday life. The scene of this tale, as its name denotes, is laid in the Thames estuary, and concerns itself with the doings of certain law-despising and defying folk there. The high duties levied then on all the material luxuries, particularly when they took the comfortable shape of tea, tobacco, French brandy, and grain-spirits from the Netherlands, made smuggling an act of positive virtue and its perpetrators to belong to the romantic class. Farmer Guff calls himself an "agricultoorist," and so he is, on the face of it; but the crops which he watches with the deepest interest are those gathered in on a dark night to the swish of surreptitious oars and occasional accompaniment of the sharp hiss of musketry. His supposed daughter, the lovely Olly, thinks no shame to help the old villain to circumvent the Preventives, takes a gun-shot wound as coolly as a pin-prick, and exults over the haul of a contraband anker of Schiedam, or "right Hollands," as if she had the true inborn smuggler's instinct, and was not herself "a piece of smuggler's goods," as she pathetically puts it. For it comes out in the end of Mr. James's stirring tale of capture, evasion, and delusion of the King's officers, that the young girl "with such a spice," who is so content to do old Farmer Guff's dirty work for him, was handed as a baby to the old smuggler over the side of a contraband vessel in a bundle of silk along with some good Hollands, and is a lady of title, a relation of one of the very Preventive officers she is so clever in confounding. "Here's richness," as Mr. Squeers would have said, and Mr. James makes the most of it. There is a scene when Olly, or Miss Marjory Bellair, by the aid of her golden hair and nimble wit, succeeds in bamboozling a whole posse of Preventive Men which is quite admirable. The whole story makes excellent reading from beginning to end, and the author may be congratulated on knowing his ground as thoroughly as did the clever reprobates whose adventures he describes. Mr. Charles James has the rare art that seems, like the poet's, rather born than made, of telling a story naturally, easily, and effectively. He is a close observer of human nature, and he records his observations of men and women with those shrewd touches of wit and humour that, as we have said before, remind us in no small degree of Dickens.

\* "Where Thames is Wide." By Charles James. London: Chapman and Hall.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

## "THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON."\*



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It is generally safe to prophesy about the pantomime, and Mr. Barrett's production seems certain to achieve the anticipated success—and it deserves it. Now, of course, it is very different from the slightly crude but beautiful work presented on the first night, for cuts have been made, comic scenes amplified, and all goes merrily, without hitch. Experience has shown that the Drury Lane pantomime generally produces a notable poster—nobody can have forgotten Dudley Hardy's delightful "Cinderella," and this year there is an *affiche* that it seems worth our while to reproduce for the pleasure of the country cousins who cannot see the walls of London.

It is with no little pleasure that I met "Betsy" again, for the young lady who has once more presented herself at the Criterion is a very charming person. She should be getting rather old by this time; but, as a matter of fact, she wears wonderfully well, and does not seem half her age, though perhaps the school-room scenes are a little bit boisterous, and, at times, there is too much suggestion of the rabbit-warren. For in the case of plays, unlike

that of human beings, one of the chief signs of age is rowdiness. I suppose that "Betsy" may be put with the dozen of the plays of this reign that have caused most laughter. Probably it will outlive the more ingenious, if not more comical, "Pink Dominoes," which, when presented some years ago at the Comedy Theatre, seemed a little creaky and stiff.

To the old playgoer, "Betsy" without Miss Lottie Venne seems an impossibility, and I have seen at least one revival which supported this view. Possibly the old playgoer will not change his opinion on account of Miss Annie Hughes, but the younger will find her charming as the saucy chambermaid. Perhaps her rendering is not exactly like what the authors conceived, but that does not matter greatly, seeing that she is impudent, lively, and fascinating after her own very pleasant fashion. Curiously enough, Mr. James Welch differs from Mr. A. Maltby just as Miss Hughes from Miss Venne, and the play is no loser if no gainer by the change. This, however, is not the best piece of work Mr. Welch has given us. Mr. J. H. Barnes is capital, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, as usual, gives a performance sound in style and rich in humour.

As a rule, children on the stage are detestable, and the parts written for them, in many cases, are an excuse for the poor little ones, since the ordinary playwright insists upon a "little Eva" effect, or makes his children horrible prigs. How far Mrs. Oscar Beringer has been helped by Dickens in the "Holly-Tree Inn" I do not know, for, although by no means a "superior person," I have not read the tale for many years. About one thing I am certain—the two children are neither prigs nor bores. As far as I can judge, very great skill has been shown in writing the piece; it has not the faults commonly to be found in adaptations, and would give to the uninitiated the impression that it was written originally for the stage by a very able hand. The result is a delightful little piece, with none of the conventional Christmas flavour, and, indeed, very little odour of the theatre.

Of course, some of the quality of "Holly-Tree Inn" would have been obscured if the children's parts had been ill played. Fortunately, they were in the hands of Master Stewart Dawson and Miss Valli-Valli, two child-marvels in whose acting one sees no trace of the careful training they must have undergone; not one in a dozen of our second-rank players can show such skill in concealing the artifices of art as these dear little creatures. It would be difficult to say which of the two, the little Master or the little Miss, proved the more delightful. The grown-up people, too, did their work admirably, and one may mention with hearty praise Miss Beatrice Ferrar, Mr. George Belmore, Miss Kate Mills, and Mr. Sydney Brough.

I have seen not a few adaptations from Dickens, and, so far as my memory serves, all of them caused me irritation, and therefore I am the more grateful to Mrs. Beringer for having presented to the footlights, with little or no loss of charm or character, one of the prettiest of his stories.

Terry's Theatre really is in luck, for both the afternoon and evening performances well deserve a visit.

"As You Like It" seems likely to stay a long time at the St. James's Theatre, for Mr. Alexander's very skilful revival has caught the public taste. All the world seems to be thronging to see the most beautiful Rosalind that the stage has known, and one, too, who by her able treatment of the difficult part has greatly enhanced her reputation. Mr. Alexander's Orlando is the best that I can remember. The Touchstone causes much discussion, and the melancholy Jaques of Mr. W. H. Vernon is a brilliant piece of acting. It is said that a good many people have already paid three visits to the piece, and I can well believe it.

MONOCLE.

It is somewhat difficult for the critic, in dealing with this charming volume, to apprehend its precise *raison d'être*. No competent authority can doubt that the time, if not fully ripe, is rapidly ripening for an exhaustive attempt to lay before the world the whole body of Lord Byron's writings in a form at once worthy of his towering and dominant genius and of the present generation of widespread critical culture and keen research in book-lore. There is nothing in all the mass of printed Byron literature—first editions, collected editions, and ana—that answers to the requirements of the present day, let alone the twentieth century, now hard on us with its tongue in its cheek to think of our funny little judgments, queer half-educated methods, and craze for cheap literature which is anything but literary. There is a vast mass of Byron material in print; but even that mass fails to yield the bare elements of what is already wanted, and what the aforementioned century *will have*. The student of Byron is powerless to push on by himself. Assisted by the expired-copyright book-hawker, he may whet the right appetite. But so much of Byron is still unpublished, or, if published, still someone's copyright, that, unless we greatly err as to the magnitude of this portentous energy that we call Byron, and as to the temper which the time is developing, the twentieth century will have to secure the co-operation of heirs, executors, and assigns with a really first-class critical mind of a synthetic turn, in order to get all that it will want.

There is not likely to be any sudden change of tastes and needs on the turn of the century. Already "the studious few"—and these, of course, include all the frequenters of innumerable public libraries, and all the gentlemen who own those private collections which are "not complete without" the best library editions of the poets—already the studious few are calling out for a complete critical edition of Byron. It will come in time; but there is something else that the swift-reading many want; and perhaps that may come first—we mean some compendious volume, giving the whole story of Byron and his friends, enemies, and surroundings, in a manner at once appreciative, critical, frank, and popular.

Meantime, here is Mr. Henley before the court with his first charming volume; and we are concerned to make out its *raison d'être*. That he has something to say about Byron, no one doubts. That he is careful, critical, eager of quest, and quick to apprehend what he finds, none will dispute. That he is anticipating Mr. Murray in the inevitable elimination of Moore from Byron's letters is a thing at which few will be found to grumble. That he has compiled and written quite a long series of notes on the letters here put forth, and made those notes thoroughly interesting, is no more than was to be expected. But, after all, this volume, with those which are to follow it, cannot be the complete unabridged text of Byron's letters which the twentieth century will have the right to expect, and *will have* as soon as the proper arrangements can be made with heirs, executors, and assigns. And, on the other side, handy as the volume is, a row of such volumes will not be quite so handy for him who runs to read, supposing that it is Mr. Henley's notes he wants, while the close student of Byron may be apt to find that he has on his shelves a row of books which must in the nature of things be superseded before a great while.

It is to be feared, then, that the *raison d'être* of the book is to take, at all literary hazards, the cream of the reviving market for Byronic wares; and, indeed, some little care is taken to hide, with a sort of don't care prefatory "daresay it's not quite perfect and complete," the very bare bones of which this volume, at all events, is composed, so far as Byron's part of it is concerned. There is, indeed, not much here with which the Byron student is not already familiar; but it is more or less good reading almost throughout, for even the boy Byron of 1804 is an interesting young brute, and the Byron of 1813 is prodigiously fascinating.

The book will serve more good purposes than one. It is thoroughly respectable in appearance, and will convince the unconvinced that Byron has not passed out of the realm in which men of taste and learning labour at the congenial task of preserving our great classics by means of careful texts with useful comments in a worthy form. If Lord Lovelace, the poet's grandson, be actually, as contemporary rumour alleges, engaged, in co-operation with Mr. John Murray, on the production of a final and really authoritative edition of Byron, it cannot but be useful to both editor and publisher that a man of Mr. Henley's talent will have been among the "semi-finals" in the honourable competition for fame and emolument connected with Byron. But let no one suppose for a moment that there is anything here to mark a real progress in the text of Byron's Letters.

To reprint from Moore's edition of those Letters; from Dallas's book which he was not allowed to publish in England, and which he, therefore, put forth piratically in France, for such smuggling across the Channel was sure to be perpetrated; from Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries"; and from "The Life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson" by the Rev. J. T. Hodgson, is not to do very much for the text. Nevertheless, it must have required some enterprise to enter into the necessary arrangements with proprietors and publishers implied in even that limited programme; and we wish Mr. Heinemann such success as an undertaking of this kind and of these limits deserves.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

\* "The Works of Lord Byron." Edited by William Ernest Henley. Letters, 1804-1813. London: William Heinemann.



## AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF BYRON.



AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.  
From an Oil Painting by G. Sanders.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.  
From an Oil Painting by Richard Westall, R.A.



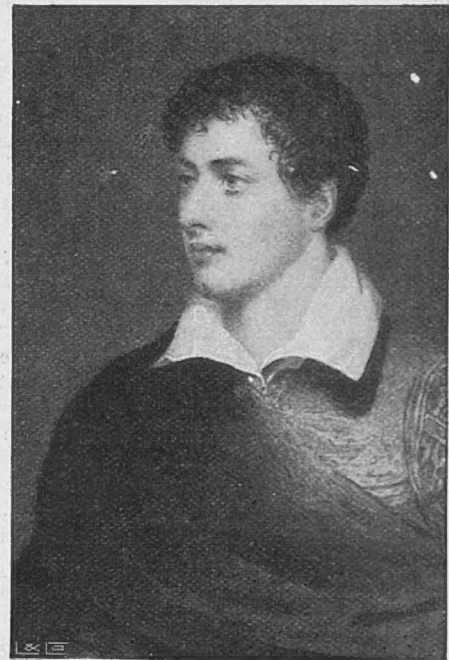
AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.  
From a Water-Colour by Gilchrist of Cambridge.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX.  
From an Oil Painting by T. Phillips, R.A.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, IN ALBANIAN DRESS.  
From an Oil Painting by T. Phillips, R.A.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN.  
From a Miniature by G. Holmes.



AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR.  
From an Oil Painting by West.



BYRON'S STATUE AT CAMBRIDGE.  
By Thorwaldsen, 1834.



AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE.  
From a Crayon Drawing by Count Alfred D'Orsay.



## AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF BYRON.

Byron's personal appearance is known to have had a wonderful effect upon the youth of his generation. Macaulay tells us that they bought pictures of him, and did their utmost to resemble him. Many of them practised at the glass in the hope of catching the curl of the upper lip and the scowl of the brow which appear in some of Byron's portraits. A few discarded their neckcloths in imitation of the popular idol, and with curling locks and shaven temples posed with such effect that it now requires a certain training to distinguish between their portraits and authentic semblances of the poet. Lady Blessington, who met Byron for the first time at Genoa in April 1823, thus records her first impression—

His head is finely shaped, the forehead open, high, and noble. His eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other. The nose is large and well shaped, but, from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front face. His mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air. His face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness—the fairness of a dark-haired person; and his hair, which is getting rapidly grey, is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression.

The portrait by Sanders, here reproduced, is taken from a full-length (in oils) painted in 1807. Byron thus alludes to it in a letter to his friend Samuel Rogers: "If you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and you may put a glove or mask on it if you like." In point of fact, it never became the property of Mr. Rogers, and is now in the possession of Lady Dorchester. The half-length (in oils) by Richard Westall, R.A., was painted in 1814. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1825, the year following Byron's death, and is now the property of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The half-length (in oils) by Thomas Phillips, R.A., was painted in 1814, and is now the property of Mr. John Murray. The portrait of Byron in Albanian dress is a half-length (in oils) by the same artist. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1814, thus described, "A Nobleman in the Dress of an Albanian." This portrait is now the property of Byron's grandson, Lord Lovelace. There is a replica at the National Portrait Gallery, and Mr. Murray possesses a small-size copy, also by Phillips. The miniature by Holmes was painted in 1815, that most fatal year in Byron's life, the period of his separation from his wife and exile from his country. Byron had a high opinion of Holmes, and wrote to Murray from Venice, April 11, 1818—

Will you send me by letter, packet, or parcel half-a-dozen of the coloured prints from Holmes's miniature (the latter done shortly before I left your country, and the prints about a year ago)? I shall be obliged to you, as some people here have asked me for the like. It is a picture of my upright self done for Scrope B. Davies, Esq.

This portrait was considered by all those who knew Byron to be an excellent likeness. Mr. Edward Trelawny thus alludes to it in one of his letters—

The miniature by Holmes that you have of mine, his sister thought very like, but that no artist of her time could do justice to his (Byron's) expressive face.

It is now the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison. The half-length (in oils) by West, an American, was painted at Leghorn in 1822. The artist supplied Moore with the following anecdote—

While I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim, "E troppo bello!" I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders; her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli.

This picture was lately in the possession of Mr. Horace Kent, of Plumstead, Kent.

Count Alfred D'Orsay's sketch was made on the evening of May 5, 1823, while sitting on the balcony of the Hotel de la Ville at Genoa, where Lord and Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay were staying. D'Orsay made three sketches in crayon. Although they vary in detail, the same pose is preserved in all three. One is a full-length portrait, now at the South Kensington Museum. Another is half-length, the

headuncovered, which was retained by Lady Blessington, to be reproduced in 1834 in her "Conversations of Lord Byron," and reappears in *The Sketch* to-day. The third portrait has a cap, added at Byron's especial request. The full-length marble statue by Thorwaldsen has had a strange history. It stands in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. During Byron's brief sojourn at Rome in 1817, his friend and companion Hobhouse prevailed upon him to sit for his bust to the great Thorwaldsen. This bust eventually became the property of Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards created Lord Broughton. When, in 1829, a committee was formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to Byron, it was found impossible to raise sufficient money to induce one of the great artists to undertake the work. One thousand pounds was a miserable response, even in those days. Flaxman had just died. Chantrey, John Gibson, and Sir Richard Westmacott declined the honour. There was nothing for it but to appeal to the generosity of Thorwaldsen, who readily

undertook the task, and used the above-mentioned bust as a basis for inspiration. The statue was ordered in 1829, and arrived in London five years later. In 1834 the Committee, which comprised such men as Sir Walter Scott, Isaac D'Israeli, Sir Stratford Canning, Sir Robert Peel (then Prime Minister), Goethe, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Campbell, William Gifford, Mr. John Murray, Sir Martin Shee, and many others, applied to Dean Ireland for permission to place the statue in Westminster Abbey. This application met with a courteous but firm refusal. The statue was thereupon left for twenty-eight years in the cellars of the Custom House. In 1855, when it became known that the Abbey was finally closed against the poet, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, gave the statue a home in the College library. Trelawny, who was present with Lady Byron when the statue was unpacked, said that at sight of it the cold, reticent Lady Byron was deeply moved, and exclaimed, "Yes, it is wonderfully like my dear Byron, only not half so beautiful."

The silhouette was cut by Mrs. Leigh Hunt at Pisa in 1822. Byron was wont to sit in this manner in the garden of the Lanfranchi Palace, using the back of a chair for an arm, his body indolently bent, and his face turned gently upwards. His riding-dress was a mazarine blue camlet frock with a cape, a velvet cap of the same colour lined with green, with a gold band and tassel and black shade; his trousers, waistcoat, and gaiters all white and of one material. Evidently, Byron, toward the close of his life, cared nothing for his personal appearance!



LORD BYRON, AS HE APPEARED AFTER HIS DAILY RIDE AT PISA.

From a Silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt, circa 1822.



## SMALL TALK.

The accompanying circular indicates the zest with which the Brontë cult is developing in Yorkshire. Dr. Wright, the well-known secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and author of "The Brontës in Ireland," is to lecture in a few days at Bradford upon the new light which he has discovered in connection with the Irish history of the Brontë family. He is taking with him a clergyman from County Down,

the very county in which Patrick Brontë's early years were passed. Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, who has for years enthusiastically photographed every illustration with the slightest bearing upon the Brontë history, is to give a number of these valuable photographs of his upon the screen, and altogether the occasion would seem to prove that, in the case of the Brontës at least, prophets are well honoured in their own country.

Meanwhile, if the *Bookman* is to be believed, information is not so definite north of the Tweed concerning that remarkable Haworth family. It would seem that Mr. Barrie shares with a very large number of men of letters, and Mr. Swinburne in particular, the opinion that Emily Brontë was the greater sister of the two, and he made a very notable reference to her in his speech at the Stevenson

meeting in Edinburgh. "Everything he said," says the *Bookman*, "was understood and applauded—only his allusion to Emily Brontë fell quite cold on the great audience. 'But I thought it was Charlotte who wrote "Jane Eyre"?' was a question overheard (on the platform, too). 'Oh, Emily was Charlotte's second name!' was the very satisfactory explanation whispered back to the objector."

It may not be generally known to Brontë enthusiasts that there is a tradesman in Blackpool, Mr. Robinson Brown, who is a nephew of Martha Brown, the Brontës' servant, and that he owns a great number of Brontë relics. Mr. Brown has a room set apart in his house for the purposes of a museum, where relics and groceries are somewhat mixed, for he also uses the place as a store-room in connection with his business. The walls are hung with pencil drawings and water-colour paintings, said to be the work of Charlotte Brontë. The most important drawings are a portrait of Anne Brontë and a portrait of Mr. Brocklehurst of "Jane Eyre." The best of the water-colours is one, signed by Charlotte, of her sister's dog "Floss." There is also a pencil copy of one of Hogarth's pictures by Branwell Brontë. The collection contains little in the way of letters. Charlotte is represented by a sympathetic letter addressed to an old lady parishioner; the Rev. Patrick Brontë, the father, by a note announcing the appointment of a churchwarden. The literary remains include a copy of "Jane Eyre," on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed that the book was a gift to Martha Brown from Charlotte Brontë; and a very quaint copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1743, and said to have been in the possession of the Brontës. There are remnants of the Rev. Patrick Brontë's literary efforts in the way of a pamphlet and two or three sermons. The collection also contains a patchwork quilt worked by the sisters, a shawl worn by the mother, and a pair of old-fashioned spectacles used by the father, besides an assortment of ornaments, jugs, mugs, metal tea-pots, and so on. There is a peculiar old oak collecting-box, used in Haworth Church; connected with this place also is a hassock on which Charlotte knelt for devotions. Perhaps the most valuable, if genuine—is a lock of Charlotte's hair. He values this very much, and he tells a story about it. An American gentleman who visited him begged most persistently for a few hairs, and after some few visits Mr. Brown satisfied the American's hero-worshipping spirit by giving him three or four. The American went away happy, and some weeks later sent two volumes of "Jane Eyre" of a Haworth edition, published in Philadelphia, as a token of his gratitude. Mr. Brown also possesses a beautiful oil-painting of the bust of Charlotte Brontë, done by J. H. Thompson, of Bradford. The authorities of the Bradford Museum have approached Mr. Brown with a view to purchase the collection; but his price of five hundred pounds has, so far, proved prohibitive.

Meanwhile the *Times* of Dec. 29 contained among its announcements of deaths the following—

BRANWELL.—On the 26th inst., at Shirley, Penzance, Charlotte, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Branwell, formerly Manager of the East Cornwall Bank.

The death of this Miss Branwell—a first cousin of Charlotte Brontë's—at Penzance leaves only one further member of the Branwell branch of the Brontë family. This is a Mr. Brontë Branwell, a brother of Miss Charlotte Branwell, and formerly a member of the English Civil Service, now residing at Honor Oak. Miss Charlotte Branwell, of Penzance, was very proud of her connection with the Brontë family, and had many little anecdotes to relate about them. She possessed, however, only one small scrap of unimportant correspondence, and some miniatures of her father and mother and of the aunts who come more closely into the Brontë history.

Mr. William Morris died worth considerably more than the fifty-five thousand pounds which has been assigned to him. That represented only his personal estate, and he was worth considerably over a hundred thousand pounds altogether. Nevertheless, I consider that the attempt to make political capital out of the fact that he did not leave some portion of his large property to Socialist organisations is rather absurd. The very people who complain of Mr. Morris's apparent inconsistency are those who would most keenly have resented it if he had done anything so foolish. Mr. Morris worked very hard upon certain lines of social progress—he certainly did more than any man of his time, except Mr. Ruskin, to change the character of art in its relation to home-life. This was a revolution in itself for which every man, whatever his politics, should be deeply grateful to Mr. Morris. Though Mr. Morris was a Socialist, he was not of necessity willing to give up property to be played ducks and drakes with by this or that organisation which might be running Socialism. As a matter of fact, I rather gather that Mr. Morris began very much to distrust the instruments which were to bring about his social paradise; his belief in it was unflinching to the end, but I think he also came to the conclusion that that idyllic future was to be brought about by Socialist workers not at all idyllic. In any case, those of us who have occasion to go into this or that house every day of our life, and to find some touch of the Morris spirit there in place of the deadly furniture and colours of the early Victorian period, have reason to feel unlimited gratitude to Mr. Morris.

Although he has not yet attained his fourteenth birthday, Master Frederic Pedgrift, the boy soprano who during the last few months has added to his already considerable reputation by his several appearances at the Crystal Palace concerts, can look back with pardonable pride upon a public career some six years long. At seven years of age he was leading boy in an afternoon choir at St. Luke's, Nightingale Lane, and a year later became a paid chorister at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, passing thence, after another twelvemonth, to become principal soloist at St. Thomas's, Regent Street. While singing at the last-named church he was heard by certain American visitors, who were so much struck by the purity of his voice and the excellence of his method, that they engaged him for a year as soprano soloist for the Church of the Ascension, Chicago, and he returned to England with quite an enviable American reputation as a church and concert singer. He is now soprano soloist at that stronghold of advanced ritual, St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court, where the sweet quality and notable range of his voice and the purity of his vocalisation contribute to the solemn beauty for which the services of the church are famous. I was much struck by his singing in a fine "Ave Verum" on a recent Sunday morning, and in the lighter repertoire of the concert-room he has pleased me by his rendering of such songs as "Cherry Ripe" and Mr. Dudley Buck's pretty ballad "When the Heart is Young."



MASTER FREDERIC PEDGRIFT.  
Photo by Treble, Clapham Junction.

Mr. C. W. Couldock, the octogenarian actor who has again and again postponed his final retirement from the American stage, has been approached with a view to his writing reminiscences of his long theatrical career. The work, if ever accomplished, would possess much interest.



Here is the statue over which Boston has rocked to its foundations. Its history is briefly this. Mr. McKim, an eminent New York architect, bought Mr. Macmonnies' beautiful bronze figure of a Bacchante and gave it to the Boston Public Library. The trustees thought they discovered something immoral in the figure, and declined to accept it. The pruders applauded, and hysterical preachers pronounced benedictions. Then the trustees reconsidered their action and accepted the gift. Now the pruders were shocked, and the more vulgar of the preachers howled out in indignation. Meantime the classical scholars in Boston are enlivening the columns of the papers with learned discussions as to whether Bacchante should be pronounced in two or three syllables. Opinions are about evenly divided, with the weight of learning on the side of two syllables.

The keen-witted compatriots of the young Duchess of Marlborough explain her growing popularity on this side by pointing out that she has ever at her service the true Vanderbilt smile, which has from time immemorial served the family founded by the famous Commodore in good stead, for the possessor of this entrancing *sourire* cannot but smile his or her way into the hearts of all those allowed to bask in its radiance. The Vanderbilt smile had already attained a wide reputation before the mistress of Blenheim afforded her English friends an opportunity of testing its quality. Joking apart, the Vanderbilt family has been extraordinarily fortunate in gaining and keeping the affection and respect of many of those who are not naturally inclined to admire the possessors of great wealth. Indeed, some years ago young Mr. Vanderbilt, as he was called, was one of the most popular men in America, and his daughter's brilliant marriage met with very little ill-natured comment, although England's gain was in this case America's loss.

Few of my readers, taking the American at his word, have any idea perhaps of the extraordinary desire among the middle classes in the United States to create a background of history for themselves. I have already spoken in these columns—for the subject interests me—of the enormous number of pedigree societies in America, and of their organ, the *American Historical Register*, which has practically no parallel among ourselves. As an example of the feverish desire to have a history, I note the formation of the "Family Association of Colonel and Hon. William and Margery Bray Pepperrell, of Kittery Point, Maine." It is composed of over a hundred lineal descendants of the doughty Colonel. One of the articles of the Association is to preserve "the Tomb, care of the Tomb Lot at Kittery Point, to hold reunions of the 'cousins' of our clan, and to better perpetuate the honoured name of Pepperrell." It is suggested that the first reunion of the Pepperrell descendants be held at Kittery Point on the 250th anniversary of the town of Kittery—Oct. 20, 1897. "The wives and husbands of the descendants will be honorary members of the Association." The permanent committee will consist of eight members of each of the different branches of the family. Twenty-five of the members are also descendants of Sir William Pepperrell, Bart., Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief at the Siege of Louisburg, 1745, the first American-born Baronet of Great Britain.

It appears that the Society of Mayflower Descendants, organised in New York three years ago, is making headway. When it was recently proposed to start an Illinois branch, society in Chicago was on the tiptoe of excitement to learn who were eligible for membership. "It was

ascertained that one prospective member—a woman—was descended from not less than ten of the original Mayflowerers." Then the "Merion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution," have erected a stone on the private lawn, to mark the spot where Washington's army encamped in 1777. The precious stone was wrapped in a flag. "Each of its thirteen stars was cut by one of the charter members of the Chapter, and the topmost star was the work of Mrs. Louise Heston Paxson, a lady ninety-five years old and a daughter of an officer in Washington's army." At a meeting of the Massachusetts Chapter of the same society, I learn

that "the cradle of Liberty was elaborately decorated with blue and white, the colours of the society, also with the national flag and the State seal." At Newport, Rhode Island, a great fuss has been made over the Liberty Tree, which is "set apart to and for the use of the Sons of Liberty, as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition made to the Stamp Act, in the year 1766, by the Sons of Liberty in Newport, Rhode Island, and throughout the continent of North America. . . .

In general, said tree is hereby conveyed to and apart for such other uses as they, the true-born Sons of Liberty, shall from time to time, from age to age, and in all times and ages forever hereafter, apprehend, judge, and resolve may subserve the glorious cause of public liberty." The "Grand Army of the Republic" recently tried to get a Bill passed in the Senate "to prevent the desecration of the national flag, or any pattern thereof, or of the coat-of-arms of the United States, or any imitation thereof; by printing thereon, painting thereon, or attaching thereto any advertisements of goods, wares, or merchandise; or for political candidacy or partisan purposes, or for private gain, or for any purpose not patriotic in its nature." All of which is very curious indeed.

Everything comes to those who wait, and in the sense of this paragraph everything must be translated to mean coppers, curses, silver, cold water, and boots. For I am referring to the living monstrosities who make the December nights hideous while they startle the silence with statements about a certain good King Wenceslas who once looked out upon a Feast of Stephen. The absurdity of modern legislation never seemed more apparent than when my chance nights in the country during the past month were spoiled by Christmas Waits. The Christmas Wait is usually a child with one song, no voice, and less conscience. He is gregarious and predatory, travelling in small bands, and frequenting the front entrances of country or suburban houses with felonious intent. If encouraged, he will come again with the same old tune, which conveys no moral and does nobody any good. If drenched with water, fired at, or attacked by a dog, this fiend does not continue to wait, but has been known to break windows in revenge. He is one of the ratepayer's curses, and yet his life is protected by the law. You may not put man-traps

or spring-guns in his way. He is one of the many people who, under the protecting wings of Christmas, systematically spoil the average citizen. There are, I am told, Waits whose repertoire includes three or four carols, and whose voices have several sound notes, but these people are exceptions and have the same mercenary object in their mind when they come around. If scorn and contempt could destroy Waits, there would not be one left alive within a four-mile radius of my dwelling. I put them in the same category as crossing-sweeps and barrel-organs, only a bit lower down. I have suffered so much during the last few weeks that I felt I must write something very nasty indeed or collapse.



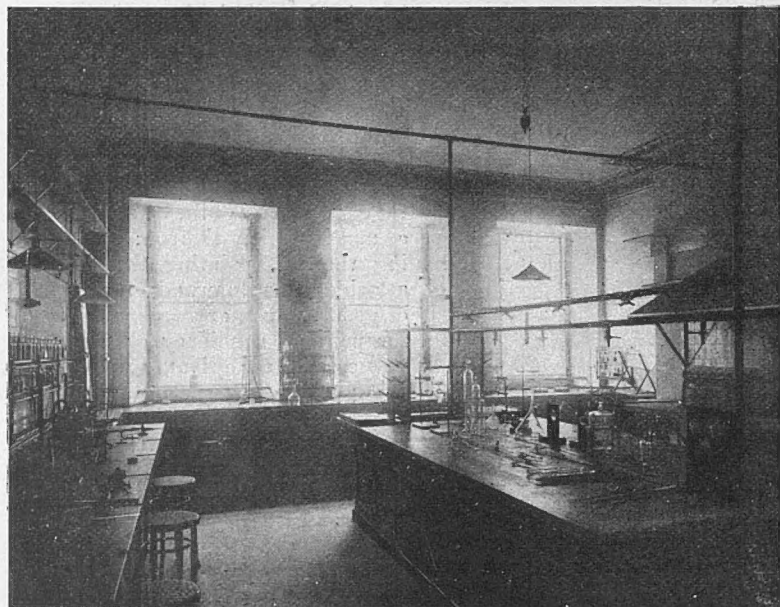
MR. MACMONNIES' STATUE OF A BACCHANTE, AT BOSTON.

Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."



If chemical researches were done in the same way as ill deeds, the magnificent laboratory that Dr. Mond has just added, at the cost of £100,000, to the Royal Institute, and the Prince of Wales the other day declared open to students from all quarters of the globe, would produce a crop of chemical discoveries so luxuriant as to glut the chemical market. The means to do chemical research are all very good, but are not the stuff out of which chemical discoveries are made. Professors Davy and Faraday, after whom Dr. Mond has so aptly named his great gift, worked long and loyally at the Royal Institute, but either savant installed in a Whitechapel garret would have drawn a bigger crowd from the ends of the earth—and put the right spirit of work into them—than could a dozen nominal professors, with Buckingham Palace and the Mansion House combined, fitted out as a laboratory, in all the glory of gear and engines with which modern scientists attack the chemical and physical secrets of nature. Dr. Mond in his munificence has amply gifted his new addition to the Royal Institute with all the modern means of chemical warfare, and if only Providence will raise now and again the brains that are able and willing at all sacrifice to work them, why he could not have exerted his charity and patriotism in a more beneficent form. Dr. Mond's example ought to allay the bad attack of fits that Lord Rosebery brought upon the British Press by his croaking Germanophobic prognostications. England is the soundest in science of all countries; she has an idea first, and then gathers her facts; other countries gather their facts, and wait to see if an idea will come out of them; good, healthy commercial sense is the saving grace of science, and England is the only country that has got it. A German-Britisher founded the Royal Institute and

discarded prison garb and the fresh one donned in its place, this scoundrel broke very carefully into a Roman Catholic church or chapel and secreted all his convict clothes under the altar. He was then lucky enough to discover a cloak, cassock, and broad-brimmed hat in a cupboard, things which had evidently not been used for many a day. These he assumed, and boldly went into a town hard by, and being, it is

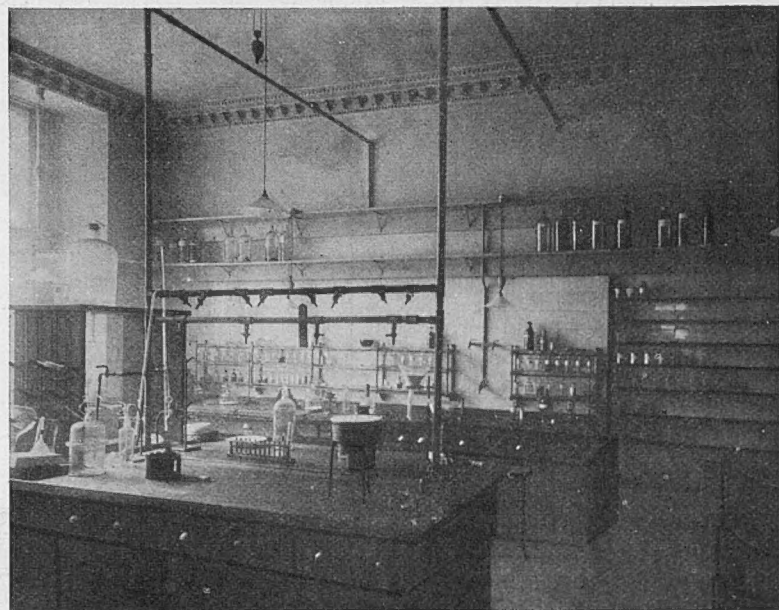


THE DAVY-FARADAY INORGANIC LABORATORY.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

a German-Britisher has crowned it, thanks to our absorbing cosmopolitan spirit that despises a wet-nurse Government, with its doles of pap and swaddling-band of protection. When a German becomes a Britisher he is the biggest Britisher going, and in his speech at the opening ceremony, before the Prince of Wales and all the princes of science assembled, Dr. Mond breathed his spirit forth in terms that ought to have charmed the most ardent Imperialist among his hearers. Still, the gift is only another example of the sporadic outburst of the public-minded scientific spirit which has fitted out so many little institutions and laboratories for research in the side-streets and back-lanes of London; but perhaps some day those outbursts will give way to a general cataclysm that will provide the greatest capital of the world with the greatest university.

The desperate dash for liberty which has just been made by three convicts at Dartmoor recalls those weird early chapters in Dickens's "Great Expectations," or the tremendous prose of Victor Hugo, though the actual details of the escape resemble more nearly the rush of Henry Everard at Portsmouth, so vividly pictured in "The Silence of Dean Maitland," whose author, by the way, seems strangely to misunderstand the motives of the great Frenchman from whom she possibly borrowed some of her ideas. One's sympathy goes out, unconsciously almost, to the convict who escapes, and though probably Goodman was nearer in character to "Pip's" friend of the marshes than to either Henry Everard or Jean Valjean, one feels a little sorry for his recapture. I notice that his manner of getting rid of his prison clothes and obtaining others led, as is usually the case, to his failure to elude the vigilance of the police. This recalls to my mind the story of an escape which I heard many years ago from a gentleman who had been Governor of several of her Majesty's prisons. I believe it was from Portland that this prisoner, a man of education, escaped one desperately wet and stormy night, and made his way down the dreary treeless slope towards the mainland, which he eventually reached under cover of the dark and a driving rain. Mindful of the manner in which the prisoner has so often been traced through his



THE DAVY-FARADAY ORGANIC LABORATORY.

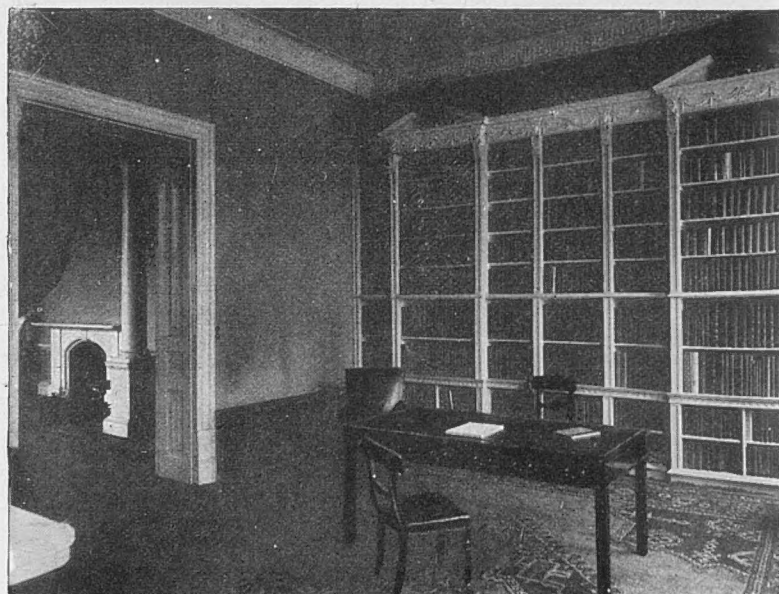
*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*

supposed, well supplied beforehand with money by his friends, he breakfasted and took a ticket for a seaport further west. In the guise he had assumed, his close-cropped head and clean-shaven face attracted no particular attention, and by stating that he was buying them for a poor parishioner, he obtained a kit-bag and an ordinary seaman's kit without arousing suspicion. He then somewhere or other changed his clothes, taking the priestly garments in his bag, and obtained a passage over to France in a smack which had been driven to take shelter on this side of the Channel during the terrific weather. I believe this clever rascal was never heard of again, and his story was only pieced together months later, when the discovery of his prison clothes was made by chance under the altar where he had concealed them.

The following curious advertisement is culled from a well-known Berlin newspaper—

Monsieur Etranger qui s'ennuit a mourir cherche la connaissance d'une fille de 17 à 21 ans pour exercer la conversation. S'adresser sous les initiales A. 13, au bureau de Max Gerstmann, Alexanderplatz.

To be "bored to death" is not an uncommon phenomenon, either among foreigners or native-born citizens; but there is a delightful simplicity about the remedy which "Monsieur Etranger" desires to employ. As "physicians to the bored," what an endless field of work lies open to women, and a profitable one, too, for there are probably many people who, like the luxurious Roman Emperors, would give a large sum of money for the invention of a new pleasure!



THE LIBRARY, DAVY-FARADAY LABORATORY.

*Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



Four-in-hand driving is becoming more and more popular with ladies, and during the past season there has been an appreciable increase in the number of representatives of the fair sex capable of wielding the ribbons. It will be some time yet, however, before the supporters of road-coaching have sufficient confidence to sit behind a team driven by a lady, inasmuch as it is generally considered by the London professionals that no woman is strong enough to have proper control over a road-team in the metropolitan streets with a full load. This remark, however, can surely not apply very forcibly to Miss Ada Mainwaring, whose photograph I reproduce herewith, and who during the past summer attracted a great deal of attention on account of the fearlessness which she displayed when coach-driving at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. As a wielder of the ribbons, Miss Mainwaring, who is but eighteen years of age, shows considerable grace and ability, and, although this young lady has not yet won any of the trophies offered by the executives of the Ranelagh and Hurlingham Clubs in their various ladies' driving competitions, we have little doubt that, after she has gained a little more experience, she will prove a very formidable rival either to Miss Stourton, Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. Podmore, or other of the lady whips generally to be met with at Fulham or in the Park.

Miss Mainwaring first commenced driving when about nine years of age; her pet animal being a black Shetland pony, which she harnessed

to see how matters zoological are managed over here, and, according to the expert's report, the Gardens at Berlin and Antwerp cost annually £26,000 each, at Amsterdam £21,000, and at London £20,000, and, if the expert's figures are correct, I must say the London people have far and away the most for their money. If a grant of land is given it, the New York society undertakes to raise £50,000 to start the collection, and, after starting the show, would hand it over to be run by the city. It stipulates, however, that the management must not be affected by current politics—no doubt a very necessary proviso for the safe conduct of a New World menagerie. The society does not expect to reap in New York the large revenues obtained from concerts and other forms of social entertainments in the large European Zoological Gardens. Very little mention is made of the scientific value of such a collection, and in this respect no society in the world has been so successful as that of London.

The promoters of the New York Zoological Park appeal for public support on the ground that the large enclosures that would be provided for all sorts of big game would offer opportunities of preserving native American species that are rapidly becoming extinct. Most of the States have passed game laws and introduced long close-times for all sorts of hunted creatures. The sportsmen of Illinois fear the utter extinction of game in their State so much that they propose to limit by law the shooting season to the last two months of the year. Except in those



MISS ADA MAINWARING, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. W. F. B. MASSEY-MAINWARING, M.P.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BULL.

to a dog-cart; a year or two later she had the temerity to drive a pair of horses, standing seventeen hands, in a landau, but commenced four-in-hand driving only at the beginning of last year. She is the daughter of the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P., the son of an Irish peer, who owns estates in several English counties and is well known for his taste and liberality as a collector and owner of pictures and works of art. He has described himself as "scientist, art connoisseur, social and sanitary reformer, and philanthropist sans cant." It was Mr. Massey-Mainwaring who defeated Lord Salisbury's "black man" at last election in Central Finsbury, and he speedily distinguished himself in Parliament by carrying a motion for the opening of museums and art galleries in London on Sundays.

The good people of New York have evidently come to the conclusion that their city will never be able to give points and a beating all round to the capitals of Europe until they have provided it with a "Zoo." A number of citizens have recently banded themselves together to form a Zoological Society, such as has provided London with the most glorious collection of animals in the world for the greater part of this century, and have set out to do their business in the best "lick creation" style. A Zoological Garden made up of a few acres of Regent's Park is all very well for London, but a Zoological Garden is of no use for New York; it must have a Zoological Park. Nothing less than two hundred and sixty of the best acres of Bronx Park, in the neighbourhood of the city, will answer this purpose. The newly formed society despatched an expert

two months, they wish to make the sale of game in Chicago illegal, and, were it not for the opposition of those in the game trade, they would prevent the sale of game in Chicago altogether. The good people of that State regard game as public property, the landowner having no more right to it than the man on the road. No wonder game grows scarce in Illinois.

The Americans have taken so kindly to the use of hotels and boarding-houses that they have extended the privilege to their feathered pets. A certain Mr. Cross, of Chicago, runs a bird-hotel, and offers board and lodging to all sorts and conditions of birds at a fixed and moderate tariff, the bill, of course, being paid by the bird-owner. Parrots, it seems, are hearty feeders, and their board is comparatively high. Their lodging and table-board cost their owner fifty cents a-week; mocking-birds, being rather more moderate in their appetite, are taken in at thirty-five cents; while canaries, being of quite a frugal disposition, find food and shelter for twenty-five cents a-week, the latter sum in their case including a bath. The energetic Mr. Cross has appended to the hotel an infirmary, of which he and his wife form the whole medical and surgical staff, consultant and executive, and treat all the ailments which bird-flesh is heir to. A "cold snap," it appears, will bring him a hundred parrots in a day or two, all suffering from cold in the head and throat; and when one considers the rasping, screeching noise in the parrot-house at the "Zoo," one cannot help envying the man with the nerves that can stand the pandemonium of a hundred parrots screeching through a cold.



An ingenious soul from Alabama proposes to follow the pattern of a railroad train, and have a motor-car in front to pull other cars, all to be suspended in the air by gigantic gas-bags.

Mr. Haliburton, who is a Canadian Queen's Counsel, and son of Judge Haliburton, author of the immortal "Sam Slick," has been said by some of his unkind friends to suffer from "a peculiar" but perfectly harmless

disease—"dwarf on the brain." The disease was diagnosed five years ago at the Congress of Orientalists in London, when he stated that he believed dwarfs or pygmies to have been at one time the universal inhabitants of the earth, and that the pygmies discovered in Central

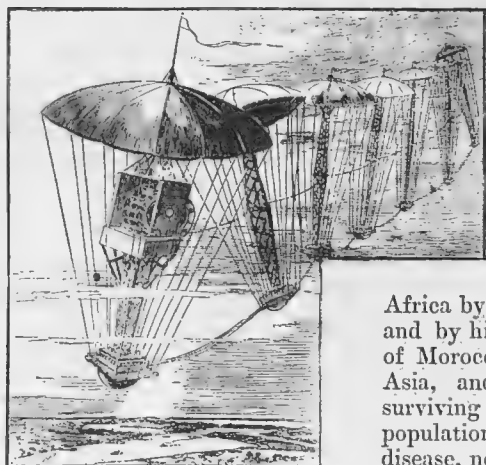
Africa by Schweinfurth and Stanley, and by himself in the southern parts of Morocco and in parts of Europe, Asia, and America, were simply surviving colonies of that ancient population of tiny beings. The disease, no doubt much to the dismay of his friends, has assumed even a more acute phase than ever. Dwarf cattle he believes to be the

progeny of the stock kept by the pygmies. The Shetland pony, for instance, is a survival of the breed kept by those ancient human mites. So are the kine of Kerry and Galloway. Those pygmies, too, are the prototypes of the fairies that tradition has so much to tell us of. But tradition has also somewhat to tell us of giants, and most people would like to know where they came in.

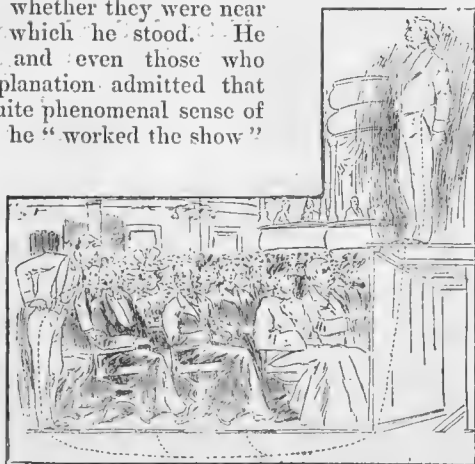
Quite by accident I recently came across a copy of the *Prisons' Service Review*, a new monthly publication that should have a useful and prosperous career before it. In the editorial I find the interesting statement that penological journals are well supported across the Atlantic, and in France, Germany, Italy, and Denmark, and that England does not possess one. I confess that the interests of prisoners appeal to me very considerably. That our systems are often ridiculous, generally brutal, and quite useless, has been pointed out again and again, particularly by that staunch apostle of reasonable reform the *Daily Chronicle*. In spite of the claims of our prisons upon the public mind, little is done to bring about intellectual treatment of offenders, while the many grievances that must surround such a system as ours lack the means of ventilation. On this account a penological journal is a distinct acquisition to monthly literature, and, from the general style of the *Prisons' Service Review*, I imagine that the men at the head of affairs are shrewd and capable. Their programme must appeal to all thoughtful men and women, for it is thoroughly comprehensive, and the great subjects are not approached in the light and airy style belonging to muddled enthusiasts who are prepared to reform the universe within a week. The position is by no means an easy one; to secure a standing and a measure of authority, such a paper must respect all sides and fear none. It must be unmoved by useless agitation, and yet be prepared to take any side that is in the right. Only in this way can the *Prisons' Service Review* become a power in the land. By the way, the paper has coined a word, "Muroscript," to designate the wall-scribblings of prisoners.

The Italian magician Pagilani, who astonished for so long the Parisian public, has been betrayed by his confederate. His greatest feat consisted in distinctly hearing and instantly answering questions asked in a whisper by persons in his audiences, no matter whether they were near or far from the stage on which he stood. He called it "mind-reading," and even those who refused to believe this explanation admitted that he must be possessed of a quite phenomenal sense of hearing. As an actual fact, he "worked the show" by the help of a miniature telephone-receiver hidden under a heavy wig, the wires running down inside his clothes to a metal plate fixed inside his shoe. His confederate wore a celluloid shirt-front, which, as he moved about among the audience, acted as a telephone diaphragm. On the very rare occasions when Pagilani's partner

was not quick enough to stand in front or near the questioner, the magician simply said he could not answer the question asked; but he had not often reason to adopt this course.



A MOTOR-CAR BALLOON.



THE SCIENTIFIC CONJURER.

Miss Mabel Davidson, whose photograph is here reproduced, may fairly claim to be a very genius of the ice. She appears nearly every afternoon and evening at the National Skating Palace in Argyll Street, and those who have the luck to see her performance are not likely to forget it. In the first place, she has the great advantage of a pretty face, and frocks to match; she is exquisitely graceful, while of her skill it would be hard to speak too highly or write extravagantly. She is a perfect mistress of ice, takes every possible and impossible liberty with it, and the poor ice can't ever manage to retaliate. She runs over it by way of variation, digs the heels of her skates into its tender parts, leaving a palpable bruise, while the ice looks coldly on and resigns itself to wait patiently for the amateurs and take revenge on them. Miss Davidson's exhibition is one of the sights of London. On the night of the last Carnival Ball at the Skating Palace—a most pleasant and successful function from start to finish—the great skater was in special form. At about midnight the instructors cleared the ice, and she appeared in a sort of Canadian costume, very appropriate, and fitting her like the proverbial glove. The spirit of gaiety, the blaze of lights, the gay costumes, the sweet music, all seemed to inspire Miss Davidson with an energy and daring that appeared anxious to eclipse all previous efforts. She held the spectators spellbound while she treated that ice to such a series of gymnastics as is seldom or never seen. All the things that careful people would avoid on nasty slippery ice she essayed with a coolness and indifference that made every man cheer with all his might, and almost made some of the ladies forgive her for being so well dressed and agile. Now be it remembered that the ice was the real, cold, slippery variety, as several ambitious people found to their cost in the course of the evening, and ice has no consideration for faces or frocks. It was by sheer skill that Miss Mabel Davidson scored; she is one of the best, and if people are interested in the possibilities of skating they should not miss her exhibition.

There is a distinct novelty in the line of pantomime at Clapham, where, at the new house, a familiar nursery legend is being interpreted by the children of popular pantomime "stars." Scions of the entertaining houses of Leno, Campbell, and Nicholls are among the principals, and it will be interesting to discover whether the various olive-branches preserve any of the traditions of their parents. "Aladdin" at Drury Lane reminds me that, when I saw the pantomime last at that house, Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell supplied the comic element, and brought down the house with a topical duet rejoicing in the refrain, "He'd rather beg their pardon." This was in the time of a Liberal Ministry, and there were wars and rumours of wars. It was believed by the Jingoese, and we were all Jingoese in those days, that the Government was rather timid, and when Nicholls suggested a case in which Mr. Gladstone might declare war, Campbell rejoined that "He'd rather beg their pardon," and the house fairly screamed. I think the Princess Badroulbador was then Miss Leamar, one of the three sisters well known on the halls. I recollect falling violently in love with her, and wishing I had a wonderful lamp too. *Eheu! fugaces—labuntur anni.*

With reference to the announcement that Mr. Charles Wyndham intends shortly to add to his repertory a new version of "Don Caesar de Pagan," the story of which is best known to people through the libretto of Vincent Wallace's "Maritana," the statement has been made positively—"Don Caesar" has not been played in English since the Lyceum days of Fechter in 1865." This is not correct. I myself retain lively recollections of having seen the late Edwin Booth play Don Caesar in English at the Adelphi Theatre at the beginning of August 1882. This was at a matinée performance given for the benefit of Mr. Booth, who during his summer season at the Adelphi had been appearing in "Richelieu" and "The Fool's Revenge." The American actor gave a clever light comedy impersonation of Don Caesar, Miss Bella Pateman being the Maritana, and the cast further including Messrs. Edward Price, William Younge, J. G. Shore, and Miss Bella Cuthbert. It is never well to make sweeping assertions.

I note that one of the parts in the recent so-called copyright performance of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Avenue Theatre, was filled by Mrs. Pawling. This lady is, I presume, the wife of Mr. William Heinemann's partner, Mr. Sydney Pawling, a nephew of the late Mr. Charles Edward Mudie. Mrs. S. Pawling is daughter of Mr. J. A. Heaton, the well-known decorative artist and designer.



MISS MABEL DAVIDSON.  
Photo by Eddowes, New York.



What with widespread famine and in Bombay a severe outbreak of the plague, it has hardly been a merry Christmas or a happy New Year for her Majesty's Indian subjects. The prevalent distress was, indeed, terribly on the increase during the last week or two of the year, and by Christmas Day more than five hundred thousand natives were engaged upon relief works provided by the Government for their benefit. Light rains have since fallen in several of the affected districts, but the outlook is still very grave, as the report of the Chief Commissioner for the Central Provinces testifies by its foreboding of distress such as is likely to last some months longer. I reproduce a couple of realistic photographs which, a correspondent tells me, illustrate the effects of the famine upon its victims but too faithfully.

Messrs. Cassell are issuing their "Royal Shakspeare" (from the text of Delius) in penny weekly parts, the second of which appeared yesterday. The first number contained Shakspeare's will in facsimile.

To those who tire of pantomime or are in search of a novelty, the Christmas entertainments at the Crystal Palace will strongly appeal. There is the long-promised Street in Toyland, wherein very beautiful toys are to be found—lions and tigers that roar, cows that low, bulls that bellow, and goats given to emitting the sounds peculiar to their species. Such a collection has not been seen before in or round London, and should give a much-needed stimulus to the English toy trade and the English child's taste in toys. For the main attraction to children



VICTIMS OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

home for the holidays the Palace management relies upon the famous Wulff Circus, which proved last year to be the most lucrative winter attraction ever presented at Sydenham. I see no reason why the success should not be repeated. From the highest to the lowest of the entertainers there is amusement or instruction to be gained; every man, woman, and child is a specialist in his or her department. Eduard Wulff himself is a perfect master of horsemanship, as well as of the tricks of the ring; his power over sixty spirited horses is wonderful. The clowning and balancing, bare-back riding and hurdle-jumping are all excellent of their kind, and a long display is completed by a well-arranged pageant, in which the full strength of the company takes part. With no other circus in London, the Crystal Palace should be "on velvet," as they forgot to say in the classics. While writing of the Palace, it is well to state the facts in connection with the recent public discussion about the place. There was a perfectly private discussion held by some friends of the Palace, to advocate canvassing for season-ticket holders in the neighbourhood, as, in spite of an improved season, there has been a falling-off in this department of the revenue. A chance

reporter, uninvited, communicated the discussion of the private meeting to the papers. Then the graphomaniacs saw their chance. The Crystal Palace has had an improved year during 1896, while the conjunction of Victorian Loan Exhibition and Handel Festival should make this year a record one in the history of the place.



STARVING INDIANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. JOHN BLEES.



I am disappointed that Lord Salisbury has not kept to his traditions by including journalists in his New Year's list of honours. Sir Campbell Clarke we have, it is true, and few will grudge to the *Daily Telegraph* Special Correspondent the distinction. But I think that the services of Mr. W. L. Thomas, who, besides being the founder of the *Graphic*, has long run the *Daily Graphic* on Conservative lines, might have received some recognition. Mr. Sydney Low, again, the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, has been a gifted henchman of his party for some years now. Mr. Mudford, I presume, might long since have received a title if he had cared for it. Perhaps all these men, and others, are in reserve for the Birthday honours list.

Robert Browning is surely winning his way to the hearts and imaginations of the English people; and the fact that cheap editions of his works have during the last year been abundantly purchased is one on which the older appreciators of the great poet may fairly congratulate themselves. But why have certain newspapers altered their strongly expressed opinions of his position as a poet? The *Standard*, for example, in 1889-90 used such phrases as the following in speaking of Robert Browning: "In purely intellectual power and marked originality Browning certainly had no superior." "Certainly no poet, not even Shakspeare, had in a higher degree the faculty of literary impersonation." "He saw the world as a whole, because he saw it in every part; and just because he had this full and exact vision he saw clearly and justly—the balance of his soul was perfect." "Robert Browning will be laid in the only sepulchre (Westminster Abbey) which in respect of his fame and his genius was fitting to receive him." "Tennyson's brother poet." "They (Tennyson and Browning) towered above all the rest"; and so I might go on quoting by the page. Yet now, in this recently expired year, according to the same newspaper, "Mrs. Browning was a greater poet than Browning . . . whom it is extravagant to place on the same level with Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coleridge, or Byron." "A writer of wonderful power and considerable originality." "A poet of the highest class we cannot acknowledge him to be." Here, indeed, is an eating of words; and the *Daily News* makes a similar meal with apparent relish. In 1889-90: "His death deprives England of one of her two great contemporary poets," "No English writer since Shakspeare has painted a richer gallery of portraits, or displayed a profounder knowledge of human nature," "Almost the greatest poet and subtlest thinker of his age"; but, in 1896, he is no longer "A sovereign genius," "A sublime poet"; now we are told "Verse is not a vehicle for conundrums," "Poetry was not meant to supersede the necessity for mathematical problems," "Form is essential to poetry," and "There is much Browning which in fifty years will be as dead as most of Southey."

The Hurlingham Polo Committee at their last meeting, among other business, confirmed the rule proposed last summer limiting the height of ponies. Under the old regulations framed in 1889 ponies over fourteen hands were prohibited, but that rule had been allowed to become the most defunct of dead letters owing to the difficulty players found in obtaining ponies of that size able to gallop and carry weight, and also owing to the absence of machinery to enforce the regulation. Ponies of 14.2 and even bigger had become much more numerous than animals of fourteen hands, and there really seemed no reason why sixteen-hand hunters should not in time enter the polo lists. Legislation was urgently needed, and the committee have done their duty tardily, but with discretion. Wisely accepting the state of affairs that has been allowed to develop, they have increased the limit of height to 14.2, and have arranged to appoint an official measurer and measuring sub-committee, whose duty it will be to pass every animal which is not already qualified as "an existing polo pony." An "existing polo pony" is one which has been played in certain specified tournaments prior to July 13 last, and thus a good many over the new limit of height will still be of use to their owners. Some provision of this kind was imperatively necessary, as the rigorous enforcement of the new rule would otherwise have operated very hardly on players who have paid big prices for mounts whose height had never been called in question, and to have disqualified valuable ponies would have been against the true interests of the game, causing much heart-burning and resentment. The effect of the new rule will, therefore, hardly be felt in the coming season; it will, however, put an end to the purchase of ponies over the regulation height, and as the playing-life of a polo pony is not often more than four seasons, the oversized animals will gradually drop out, and in a very few years every pony in the stud of any team will be able to pass under the official standard.

Measuring a pony is not such a simple matter as the uninitiated might suppose. There are many ways of dodging the measurer, who must be experienced and firm. Some ponies measure less when their heads are held low, others a fraction of an inch less with the head up; he may be "posed" standing back, so that his fore-legs are not perpendicular, or he may be made to stand with his fore-feet apart, so that the cross-bar does not give his full height at the withers. Everyone who has "had to do" with the measuring in India, where racing-ponies carry weight according to their height, not age, is familiar with these artless wiles often practised by native grooms who seek thus to please their masters. Giving a pony a smart gallop, and bringing him to be measured before he cools down, is a favourite specific, and may produce as much as a quarter-of-an-inch difference in his height. Paring down the heels is very usual and not necessarily unfair; and

some ardent sportsmen, with souls for minute advantage, have been known to shave the hair on the withers; who knows but that the sixteenth of an inch may not be so gained?

I had a rather novel experience on the evening of Boxing Day (writes a member of the staff). I went to the production of a pantomime at a new suburban theatre. When I arrived at the principal entrance of the handsome theatre at Brixton, I found a crowd that would have done justice to the outside of the pit or gallery (in numbers, I mean) at a West-End house. Even the efforts of a couple of "men in blue," and a third man in a paler blue uniform, presumably attached to the theatre, who did the honours in a Christmassy, he's-a-jolly-good-fellow sort of a way, did not altogether ameliorate the unpleasantness of entering. However, inside all was harmony, and a house packed from floor to ceiling appreciated almost too enthusiastically the quite too many good things so nobly offered by the management. The result was that at five minutes to the witching hour the manager was compelled to send us home minus our transformation-scene and our harlequinade. I cannot say a word too much for the excellence of the scenery and the gorgeousness of the dresses, while the chorus presented a very large proportion of pretty and graceful girls. There were certainly some dull moments in the performance, but a judicious cutting and a brisking-up will, doubtless, put all this right—has probably done so by this time. For individual effort I would most highly commend Miss Billie Barlow as the Prince—voice, bearing, business were alike excellent; while the artistic gem of the show was her admirable singing of a little semi-pathetic ballad of her "Busted Dolly." The gallery and pit "went" most, I think, for Miss Claire Romaine, who, as the Marquis of Champagne, gave them a ditty (not too exquisitely refined) about not telling little girls all we know, over which they roared themselves hoarse. The red-haired elder sister of Cinderella was cleverly played by, I believe, Mr. Moss, but I confess to some slight confusion between Clorinda and Dorinda, while when Miss Lilian Stanley has conquered her apparent nervousness, she should prove an acceptable as well as pretty Cinder-maiden.

Among the unrehearsed effects that go far to make the success of a play, the little accident on the opening night of "Black-Ey'd Susan," at the Adelphi, demands recognition. The gallant William was on deck, the audience was looking on with moderate interest, when, lo and behold! the scent of the sea was borne across the footlights. This is not the raving of a passionate critic, but a hard, indisputable fact. There was a scent of ozone and of tar gratefully taken by one row of stalls after the other, and then left to permeate the pit or go up to the gallery at its own discretion. Fashionable "first-nighters" wondered audibly, certain scribes put it down to the forcible acting of Mr. Terriss, and imagined that Neptune had come from his domains to see the Adelphi favourite dance the hornpipe; and, though preserving an incognito, had been unable to suppress the flavour of the salt sea. In any case, the result was everything to be desired, and helped the action of the play. Later on in the evening, or early in the following morning, while certain of the audience were supping well and wisely, the mystery was solved. During the deck scene the door of the electric engine-house had been inadvertently opened, and the ozone that ever congregates round electric engines at work had escaped as far as the stage. There it saw the familiar sights of sea and seafaring, and thought that beyond and around the ship was the restless ocean. So it came out into the auditorium, and for once the Fourth Estate was justified in its critical commonplace about atmosphere and footlights. I do not know whether the brothers Gatti have recognised the good thing that came by chance, and provided with the hornpipe aforesaid the sensation of an evening. In any case, I would humbly suggest that ozone should be generated and distributed every evening at the Adelphi, and that it should be advertised as one of the attractions of the piece. After all, there is nothing like realism, and this last effort would delight the heart of every manager from Mr. Vincent Crummles downwards.

I must thank Mr. Augustin Daly for the charming little book called "Memories of Daly's Theatre," which he has had privately printed in New York. If, instead of the everlasting souvenir of the ordinary type, our London managers would break the monotony by imitating Mr. Daly, they would add to their own lustre and ensure some sort of accuracy in that vaguest of all regions, stage history. Mr. Daly actually prints the programmes of all his productions since 1869.

Theatrical marriages are generally of much interest to non-professional people, and this certainly holds good in the case of Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Virginia Harned. Mr. Sothern, who was second son of Edward Askew Sothern, of Lord Dundreary fame, had been for some years one of Mr. Daniel Frohman's chief stars, and was the original transatlantic Prisoner of Zenda and Rudolf Rassendyll. His wife, Miss Harned that was, is also celebrated as having been one of the best American Trilbies. Hence the marriage may almost be paralleled with the H. B. Irving—Dorothea Baird alliance.

An interesting literary "find" has recently been made in France. Several private letters written by that great pulpit orator Bossuet have been discovered in the diocese of Langres. They have been handed down through the line of descendants of Bossuet's kinsman, the President de Simony, whose maternal grandfather, Claude Mochet d'Azay, a Burgundian lawyer, had been a colleague of the "Eagle of Meaux's" father, Benigne Bossuet.





"ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!"



## ANIMALS AND FRIENDS OF ANIMALS.\*

From Mr. Lang's "Scottish Workshop" there comes this year "The Animal Story-Book," a volume quite as entrancing as any of his fairy-books. There is such a vein of kindness running through it, such a modest spirit of affection towards our



MIDLE. DE LAISTRE AND HER WEASEL.  
From "The Animal Story-Book."

translated from Dumas. Old Alexandre was a great lover of animals, his menagerie being of the most heterogeneous description, his animal friendships of the most eclectic. Dogs, a vulture, three monkeys, a blue-and-yellow macaw, a green-and-yellow parrot, a cat, a golden pheasant, and a cock, made up his collection at Monte Cristo. By the way, the monkeys were named according to Dumas' satirical fancy: one "bore the name of a celebrated translator, another that of a famous novelist, and the third, which was a female, that of a charming actress." So it seems that, in naming her pigeons after her pet newspapers, that apotheosis of Kensington pure literature, Mavis Clare, was not so very original after all. The entertaining stories of Baron Wogan and his bears and snakes are entertaining. He was a wonderful gentleman, the Baron, and it is a pity he died before the late Mr. Barnum arrived with his mammoth show; the Baron would have been a splendid lecturer. There is a 'cute little story (so our transatlantic friends will call it) about a weasel who "went to live" with Midle. de Laistre. It could do everything but talk, and one would not be surprised to hear it did that, too. He was forever poking his nose into things; he used to help his mistress read her letters by jumping on her hands; "he would sit on his mistress's shoulder and give little soft pats to her chin (happy weasel!), or would run over a whole roomful of people at the mere sound of her voice." A more serious story, and one that deserves to be classed with the immortal "Rab and his Friends," is the account by Miss Goodrich Freer of the two dogs, Righ and Speireag, that accompanied Father Mackonochie on his fatal walk among the hills, and watched by his body till the rescue party arrived. The story is told with admirable restraint.

Even the approach of friends did not tempt them to forsake their duty. With hungry, weary faces they looked towards the group which first came near them, but not till their own master knelt down beside all that remained of his old friend did they yield up their trust, and rise, numbed and stiff, from the posts they had taken up, who knows how long before. To say a few words of prayer and thanksgiving was the Bishop's first thought, his second to take from his pocket the sandwiches he carried, and to give all to Righ and Speireag.

Nor are the hardy perennials forgotten. "Androcles and the Lion," "The Dog of Montargis," and many other ancient tales appear in the collection. Altogether, this is a book that should appeal to every boy and girl in these islands, especially as Mr. H. J. Ford has done some of his very best pictures to brighten an already bright book.

## "THE BALKANS."\*

When M. Coppée took the Balkans as the background of his play "For the Crown," there was little fear of the mass of English playgoers questioning the veracity of his historical knowledge. That part of Europe, despite its perpetual prominence in a long history of massacre and oppression, is very little known. Thus, its inclusion in the "Story of the Nations" Series is very welcome, all the more so in view of the celebration of the Hungarian Millennium and of the Bicentenary of the reigning dynasty of Montenegro. For English readers, however, who are suffering from an acute attack of the chronic Eastern Question, the history will seem opportune chiefly for the light it throws upon that modern Sphinx, which continues to devour countless victims pending the solution of the riddle. It must be admitted, however, that the most horrifying of the atrocities recorded by Mr. Miller are not those committed by the unspeakable Turk. Such rulers as "John the Terrible," "Vlad the Impaler," and "Basil the Wolf" amply earned their titles, though it is only fair to Basil to allow that his criminal code was a humane advance upon that of his predecessors. Under Basil's laws the man who set a house on fire was merely burned alive, while "the lingering but humorous" punishment of having molten lead poured down his throat was the worst the seducer had to fear. The title "Great" does not seem to have been so amply earned. "Greatness," says Fielding, "consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind"; but Mirtschea "the Great" was neither very bloodthirsty nor very successful. He started, it is true, with the murder of his brother; but such crimes of ambition were so common, says Mr. Miller, in those days that no one thought the worse of a fratricide, if only he were a Prince who gained a throne by the crime. "Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema." It is, however, all the more to the credit of the Roumanians that they cherish Mirtschea's memory and sing his stout heart and arm to this day, in that he rather deserved than achieved success. He was defeated, captured, and confined in Broussa as a prisoner after his first engagement with the Turks in 1390. Being set free on the condition of paying an annual tribute of six thousand red piastres to the Sultan, he made an alliance with his old enemy the King of Hungary, and took part with him in the great battle of Nicopolis in 1396, when he again met with a crushing defeat. When, however, the Turks followed up their victory by an invasion of Mirtschea's dominions, they were routed with such slaughter by the Wallachian Army that they retired, only to find their own country too distracted (by the capture of their Sultan by Timour



MIRTSCHIEA THE GREAT.  
From "The Balkans."

the Tartar) for any attempt at foreign conquest. Then Mirtschea showed as much ability (with more success) in diplomacy as he had in war; since, by playing off one Turkish pretender against another, he delayed the reconquest of his country till the accession of Mohammed I. The Turks, reunited under this Sultan, were irresistible, and Mirtschea did not long survive this second conquest of his country.

\* "The Animal Story-Book." Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

\* "The Balkans." Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro. By William Miller, M.A. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.





THE STORY 5  
OF ESTHER .  
And Esther said, The  
adversary and enemy  
is this wicked Haman.  
Then Haman was afraid  
before the king and the queen.

GILBERT



## WOOLLY CAMELS AND WOOLLESS SHEEP.

Any lady visiting the "Zoo" in an alpaca dress ought to spare the quaint begging South American on this page a crumb, Sir Titus Salt a passing thought, and the aborigines of Peru her eternal gratitude. She owes the dress she wears to all three. England, with her ships in every sea and her agents in every port, has ransacked the earth and increased the creature comforts of civilisation more than all her rivals in Europe. It is fifty years since Sir Titus Salt added alpaca to our stock of dress-material, and made his fortune at the same time as he conferred a benefit on British maids and matrons. Alpaca was too good a thing to be confined to South America for long. From time immemorial the Indians of Peru fed flocks of this useful animal on the grassy plains in the Cordilleras, and spun from its fleece their blankets and "ponchos." Where they got the animal from, none can tell; but, in all probability,

they cannot survive the moist and cold conditions of ordinary park-life in England, so different from those of their native home.

On the opposite page are reproduced a number of illustrations which show not only the probable ancestors of the domestic sheep, but the great difficulty naturalists have in separating sheep from goats. Anybody, of course, could separate a "nanny"-goat from an ewe, but expert naturalists do not agree concerning the nature of two of the animals represented here. The moufflon and urial—the one from Corsica, the other from the Punjab—are certainly sheep; the ibex, from the Alps, is as certainly a goat; but the burrel of India and the Barbary sheep of North-East Africa are as much the one as the other. Sheep and goats seem to have sprung from a common ancestry. The author of the Biblical simile of separating the sheep from the goats must have been a well-versed naturalist. Between the very good on the one hand and the very bad on the other, there is a big class that have claims to be turned either to the right or to the left; and, in separating sheep from goats,



THE ALPACA AT THE "ZOO."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GAMBIER BOLTON, F.Z.S.

by dint of breeding through centuries of time they derived it from the vicuña, an animal still found wild in South America, and as different from an alpaca as a South Down ram is from a "billy"-goat. Like all our domestic animals, the alpaca is the result of human brains shaping the dispensations of Providence in the direction of greatest utility. It may be taken as evidence of the great antiquity of civilisation in South America. The vicuña is a short-haired animal, but so is the wild sheep, of which several varieties are here represented, and yet there is no room for doubt that one or other of those animals stands as ancestor to the numerous varieties of long- and short-woolled domestic sheep. In the case of South America, as in Europe, the native used the material that lay to his hand, and in the one case obtained wool from the sheep, and in the other a wool from a kind of camel. When shorn of his fleece the alpaca is deprived of all resemblance to a sheep, and stands out as a distant cousin of the camel and a near cousin of the equally useful South American animal, the llama. The alpaca would be a useful addition to our domestic animals, but, unfortunately, although specimens thrive well enough in the "Zoo,"

there are also considerable numbers so intermediate in characters that they may claim to be either. Their close alliance is shown by the ease with which one can obtain crosses between sheep and goats, and in the East breeds of such animals are raised for their valuable silk-like wool. I have seen considerable numbers of these animals in various parts of Further India.

With sportsmen wild sheep are prime favourites. No animal is more wary than the moufflon, found in the mountainous districts of Corsica and Sardinia. But it, like the other wild sheep figured with it, are suffering from the constant and unabating improvement in firearms, which every year increase both in range and precision. All wild sheep and goats are mountain-loving and mountain-dwelling animals, most of them ascending to very high altitudes; but the wild goats, such as the ibex, are much more daring mountaineers than their first cousins the sheep. There is a very fine selection of wild sheep in the Rothschild collection at Tring Park, and there is always a magnificent pen of Barbary sheep to be seen in the well-known collection of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park.





DILLY, THE BURRHIEL SHEEP.



THE IBEX.



PUNJAB SHEEP.



A FEMALE BURRHIEL.



MOUFFLON SHEEP.



PUNJAB SHEEP.



BARBARY SHEEP.

## CRÉCY AND AGINCOURT.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

One of the advantages connected with residence at Mayville—the new Anglo-French watering-place at the mouth of the Canche, sixteen miles south of Boulogne—is that it lies, so to speak, in the very middle of the region which formed the battle-arena of France and England during the Hundred Years' War, and that it thus offers most convenient headquarters for the tourist who, by rail or cycle, would like to visit the principal scenes associated with that historic struggle. It was thus that last autumn, during a holiday sojourn of several weeks at Mayville, I devoted two successive days to an examination of the famous battlefields of Crécy and Agincourt, than which none ever shed a brighter or more glorious lustre on the arms of England. And yet how dim their very memory has now become in the minds of the British people! How the prophetic words of brave King Hal, the reformed boon-companion of Jack Falstaff, have been falsified by the event! Addressing his nobles on the morning of Agincourt, King Henry, confident of coming victory, exclaimed—

This story shall the good man teach his son,  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.

But who among us, when St. Crispin's Day comes annually round, now thinks of the magnificent feat of arms—"above all Greek, above all Roman fame"—that was done at Agincourt by Henry V. and his handful of ragged, famished, desperate Englishmen? And what patriotic schoolmaster, on Aug. 26, seeks to recall to his pupils the splendid victory which on that day of the month in the year 1346 was achieved by Edward III. and that "young Mars of men," his son, the Black Prince, over a French host at least four times as strong? British schoolboys are taught—or, at least, in my time were taught—to believe that one Englishman is equal any day to three Frenchmen; but at Crécy the billmen and bowmen of the Black Prince proved conclusively that one of them was equal to at least four of their French foes, while at Agincourt this proportion was one to five.

What a pity that the details of these magnificent manifestations of British pluck and fighting power should have been relegated to the lumber-room of military chroniclers! Waterloo is still vividly remembered and fondly dwelt upon in all its details, and there has even been a national movement lately in the direction of an annual commemoration of Trafalgar; while the great victories of Edward III. and Henry V. over the French, which in their day made quite as much noise in the English-speaking world as those of Nelson and Wellington at the beginning of this century, have now sunk to the level of mere antiquarian interest. Perhaps the main reason for this is that, while issues of tremendous moment for the whole world were decided at

Trafalgar and Waterloo, the battles of Crécy and Agincourt decided nothing but the clear superior fighting powers of the English over their French opponents. For in both cases the object which had sent the English into France was a fatuous one and scarcely worth fighting for—because impossible of ultimate success—the making good of Plantagenet claims to the crown of the Valois.

But if Crécy and Agincourt have fallen very dim, and almost indifferent, to us now in England, the same cannot be said of France—or, at least, of the localities themselves of the great battles. In conversation with the villagers and peasants I was surprised to find how fresh were the local traditions and memories still lingering among them. I do not speak of such men as the Curé of Crécy, who proved to be a perfect mine of lore on the subject; but I also put some questions to a picturesque shepherd who was tending his silly sheep on a grass-grown road traversing the battlefield, and he seemed to know all about it. That, for example, he said, was the "Chemin de l'Armée," by which the French King approached the English position; yonder was the "Cross of the King of Bohemia" (see the illustration); and away up on the crest of yonder ridge, above the village, was the site of the windmill from which the English King had watched the progress of the fight. But, alas! the historic windmill has lately vanished, nothing now remaining of it but a circular mound, hollow in the centre like an extinct volcano, which, until a year or two ago, was surmounted by the identical edifice, with a great many English names engraved and scrawled upon its sacred stones. But what are the claims of antiquity and the sacrosanct nature of tourist scrawls in the eyes of a landowner who requires stones for building purposes, and can get them nowhere so cheaply or conveniently as from the walls of an old windmill upon his own property, at a time, too, when the Paris Press is indulging in one of its periodical fits of acute Anglophobia? King Edward's army consisted of about thirty thousand men—a modern army-corps on a war-footing; and, in justice to the "Celtic fringe," it must be owned that the bulk of this army, sixteen thousand men, was composed of Cornishmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen, who all used their long knives with terrible effect on the foe.

What a ghastly picture must have been presented by the battlefield, with its cumbering heaps of corpses! And yet some of our commanders, including our present Commander-in-Chief, are fond of sneering at the "bow and arrow" period of our history, and comparing it with the epoch of our "modern arms of precision." Precision! What could have been more "precise" than the effect of the weapons which, in the hands of brave, determined men, heaped the slopes of Crécy with over thirty thousand corpses in less than three hours? Can there be arms of greater precision than close quarters and cold steel? Wherein consists the precision of the modern breechloader, as compared with the bows and bills and maces and long knives of King Edward's army-corps—the breechloader, which, in the hands even of the Germans, only killed or wounded once in several thousand shots, according to the official statistics of the war



THE KING OF BOHEMIA'S CROSS AT CRÉCY.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURZON, ROBEY, AND CO.



of 1870-71. But the English bowmen of Edward III. and Henry V. must have shown very much better marksmanship than that, or they never would have helped so much as they did to slaughter more than thirty thousand Frenchmen at Crécy, and more than ten thousand at Agincourt.

Although the relative numbers engaged in the latter battle were very much less than at Crécy, nevertheless no finer bit of fighting has ever been done by Englishmen than at Agincourt, which was fought just a

Tramecourt—flanking woods which they failed to occupy, and which make one wonder at their folly in the selection of such a battlefield.

The defensive position of the English at Crécy could not very well have been better; the defensive position of the French at Agincourt could not very well have been worse. In those days the higher principles of the art of war were of less account in the eyes of commanders than the chivalrous spirit of their fighting-men; but the field of Agincourt



THE FIELD OF AGINCOURT, SHOWING THE ENCLOSURE AND CROSS THAT MARK THE GRAVE OF THE FRENCH DEAD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CURZON, ROBESY, AND CO.

century after their defeat at Bannockburn (1415). In both cases the English were retreating towards Calais before vastly superior numbers, and in both cases they elected to stand at bay and battle for their very lives. Henry V. had captured Harfleur, but his little army was too weakened by disease and death to continue an offensive campaign; and though a majority of the King's counsellors were for a direct return by sea to England, Henry resolved to march the remnants of his decimated force northward to his own fortress of Calais, in despite of all the French bands who, he knew, were preparing to hem in and eat him up. The fiery King said that he would neither seek nor avoid the French army, but that, if confronted by it, he would cut a passage through it to Calais, as the motto of the Royal Engineers still runs: "Aut viam inveniam, aut faciam"—"I shall either find a way or make one."

His march resolved itself into a retreat of the most dangerous and difficult kind, an operation in war which demands the very highest qualities in a leader; and did not Marshal Moltke once say that he had no claim whatever to rank with great commanders like Caesar and Marlborough, Napoleon and Wellington, for that he had never in all his life conducted a retreat? Weather-buffed, wearied, and "besmirched with rainy marching in the painful field," reduced by disease and privation, ragged, dirty, with nothing more to eat but filberts and hedgerow roots, Henry and his 9000 dilapidated but undaunted Englishmen suddenly found their road to Calais barred by a body of 50,000 French troops, the flower of the nation's chivalry; and before the evening of the following day the road to Calais had been swept absolutely clean of its overweening defenders—who had died at their camp-fires the night before for possession of the Plantagenet King's person—and of these defenders more than ten thousand had paid the penalty of their temerity with their lives. Their ashes now repose in a grassy enclosure about twenty yards square, with a tall crucifix, or *Calvaire*, in the centre, bearing a pious and patriotic inscription to their memory (see illustration above), this being a part of the battlefield.

In point of numbers, I repeat, the French were vastly superior to the English—five to one; but, on the other hand, the latter had all the advantages of position. For, with a wood on either flank determining the extent of their front, the French had no space whereon to deploy their serried masses. Few battlefields have so long preserved unchanged their original features as that of Agincourt, for the present configuration of the ground appears to be pretty much the same as it was at the time of the fight. The right and left of the French position, on a flat plain, are still marked, as then, by the woods of Agincourt and

furnished, for the third time in the course of the Hundred Years' War, a conspicuous proof that personal bravery—which none ever denied to the gallant and high-spirited French—was of no avail against equal valour joined to discipline, death-despising courage in the face of the most appalling difficulties and dangers, and, above all things, a due observance of the principles of regular war, as these could have been explained to them by such of Henry's commanders as Fluellen, Gower, and the Scots Captain Jamy, that "marvellous valorous gentleman" learned "in th' aunchient wars," the prototype at once of Smollett's Lieutenant Obadiah Lismahago, and through him of Scott's Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket. The English visitor to the field of Agincourt, which the French spell Azincourt, needs no better guide-book than Shakspeare's "Henry V.," which conveys the essence and local colouring of the immortal combat with wonderful fidelity to truth, the only apparent slip of the poet being where he makes the King say—

Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill,

there being nothing like a hill in the neighbourhood.

It was no wonder that, on reaching Dover about three weeks after the battle, the heroic Henry was enthusiastically acclaimed by a huge concourse of his adoring subjects, "whose shouts and claps outvoiced the deep-mouth'd sea"; and that at Blackheath he was met and escorted into London Town by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with twenty thousand citizens on horseback, all gorgeously appaured. For he had made himself and his country famous throughout the world. The retreat of Xenophon with his immortal ten thousand from Cunaxa to the sea is justly admired as one of the most interesting and heroic of military exploits. But the retreat of Xenophon from the Euphrates to the Euxine was not a more shining achievement than the retreat of Henry V. of England, with his less than ten thousand fighting men, from Harfleur to Calais through impediments which included a dense and living wall of at least fifty thousand French warriors. That was an obstacle which never impeded the path of Xenophon, or anything in the least degree like it. The King had sworn that he would find a road to Calais or make one, and he had magnificently kept his word. It is for that reason that no Englishman can look unmoved on Agincourt, the field of one of the most glorious victories of his race—Agincourt, where the reorganised infantry of England showed for the third time in the land of France, what they were to show quite as splendidly four centuries later on the heights of Albuera, "with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights."

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery contains what may be called a classical collection of the works of the greatest and most various among living English artists. Various, that is the word. For although Mr. Watts has, during his career, been steadily piling effort upon effort to approach his ideal of surface-work in painting, and not always with absolute success—though, therefore, particularly in later achievements, a recognition of this peculiar surface implies a knowledge of the artist, no matter what the picture, his variety of moods is brilliantly abundant, and is assuredly his most striking quality.

The portraits take up, of course, the chief interest of the exhibition, and are concerned with all the famous names of the day—may one quote his Macaulay?—“the oracles of senates, the leaders of fashion, the

that “wander through eternity.” There are more words to say of this noble exhibition, words which for the present may, however, be postponed.

The Guildhall Exhibition of Water-Colours of the “Early English School” is, as usual, one which it should be everybody’s trouble to see. It is abundantly representative, and, as a consequence, abundant in variety. Hunt, John and Alexander Cozens, David Cox, William Collins, Samuel Prout—these are a few whose work is admirably chosen for the purposes of this particular show. Of all, perhaps it may be thought too concessory to the general opinion if the drawings of David Cox are selected here for exceptional and particular praise and appreciation. His “Ship Fitting Out Alongside a Hulk” is a little masterpiece of clean, visual work; the artist, too, has not only seen the



CONFESSION.—T. GRAHAM.

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

captains of armies, and the ornaments of court.” Tennyson and Morris, Leighton and Millais, Burne-Jones, Swinburne, and others great in art and society, including the artist himself, are here, painted by the hand of one who had not only the eye to see them, but also the imagination to understand them.

The landscapes that are also here possess that particular quality of imagination even more completely. Mr. Watts is most emphatically no realist; that is, in anything like a vulgar acceptance of the term. Nor does he see nature as Corot did, with so exquisitely delicate a vision that everything objective lived to him in a fairyland, in a fairy atmosphere, coloured and displayed by a fairy sunlight. The nature that Mr. Watts sees is a riper, more luscious vision, one almost coloured by the light that comes in dreams, deep, intense, and solemn—even perhaps a little mystical. Take, for example, the “Ariadne in Naxos,” a landscape which is so purely poetical and so enwrapped in all the mysterious loveliness of far-off things that it alone, apart from so many other creations symbolic, suggestive, and significant by the same master, would prove this painter to be a poet, possessing the thoughts

thing clearly, lucidly, and in its totality; he has also, in what may be described as a burst of technical inspiration, chosen precisely the means—no more, no less—to fulfil that intention. His “Church of St. Eustache” is scarcely less beautiful for other equally cogent reasons. The Turners will also have for everybody a peculiar attraction, and there are examples of De Wint which are of the highest value.

Reproduced in black-and-white herewith is a very clever and truthful picture by Mr. T. Graham, “Confession,” from the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours. The confessional itself is apparently placed in a gallery of the church, and the “grille” might with advantage to both confessor and penitent be situated somewhat lower. But the attitudes and expressions of the figures are altogether delightful in their naturalness, the priest himself showing just the right interest and just the right habitual customariness as he listens and handles his snuff-box. The girl is necessarily more conventional, but altogether in character. In both appears the touch of nature that maketh, if not the whole world, at least that part of the world that understands anything about Mr. Graham’s subject, kin.

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## MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

It is not difficult, even in the large art community which Bushey presents, to find the whereabouts of a particularly successful student, but plenty of willing guides direct me to the studio where Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch is busy with her next year's exhibition work. After a

frank, simple greeting, we plunge at once into the questions which interest me and concern her, and I learn something of the career of this gifted young artist.

"Have you been long at Bushey?"

"Four years, I think; but I have worked hard since I came. I did a lot before then—indeed, I have always studied, although I had not much opportunity when I was younger."

"Had you no lessons then?"

"Three or four with a Mr. Batt, and for a few months I was with Mr. Arthur H. Davies at Bourne-mouth. But I never remember the time when I was not studying."

"Horses? or did you take an equal interest in other animals?"

"Well, not only horses—all kinds of animals, but horses for preference. When I was sixteen I used to carry a note-book about with me, and I made various studies, sometimes hoofs, sometimes ears, sometimes legs. Look here," and my hostess produced a little, worn book filled with these embryo sketches. She got her knowledge of anatomy at Mr. Goodall's hospital for sick horses at Christchurch, but has never been abroad, and she has had but few opportunities of seeing foreign artists' work; nor does she come of an artistic family, though an aunt of hers painted flowers well, and one of her sisters and a cousin were at Bushey with her.

"Now, tell me something of the work you have already exhibited?"

"You saw my picture in the last Academy—'Summer Drought in the New Forest'? I sold that for two hundred guineas. I exhibited in Manchester and in Birmingham before then."

"And this?" indicating the large canvas in front of me.

"Oh, that is destined for the Academy. I am going to call it 'Chasing the Colts.' I took part in the chase when I was in the New Forest last summer; it was most exciting."

"How long have you been at work upon this?"

"Some weeks. I began it while I was in the Forest, and the poor thing had to stand out of doors, and many a soaking it got."



MISS LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

"How do you begin your work? Do you group all your animals and figures first, or do you make fugitive studies and then elaborate them into one huge group?"

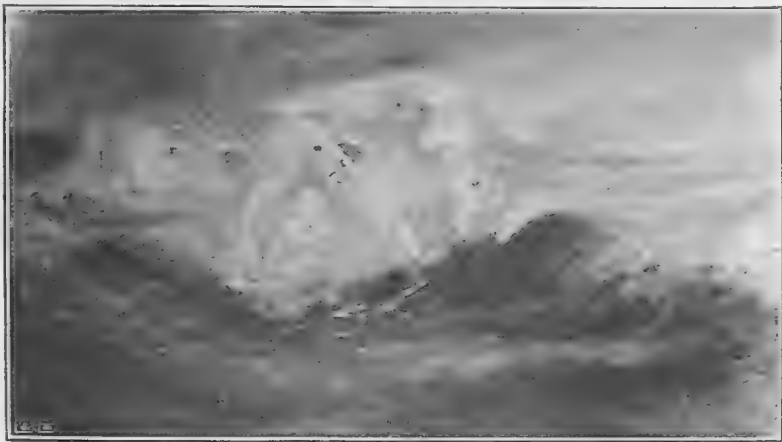
"No; I sketch it all in roughly, and then I afterwards paint the individual animals and figures carefully. I choose my background first, and, in such a wilderness of beauty as the New Forest, it is no easy matter to make a selection."

"Is it difficult to paint these rough ponies without a model?"

Miss Kemp-Welch laughed at the suggestion, and well she might, for she presently imparts to me the fact that she has to a remarkable degree the power of retaining any impression long after it has been received. "I scarcely know how to explain it," she goes on; "but it is almost a mental sort of photography. I never forget anything that interests me, and many of the postures of the animals I have painted remain as freshly vivid to me as when I first noted them. To go back to the picture and your question about models, I have a model which I will show you presently at my cottage."

A short walk brings us to the quaint but comfortable little house which my hostess calls home, and which she shares with her sister and some friends.

"The model is here," she says, leading me through the old-world looking hall and out into the garden; and there, trotting about among the shrubs and bushes of Hertfordshire daisies is a pretty little foal, imported direct from the New Forest. Needless to say, he is a great pet with Miss Kemp-Welch, whose love of horses does not confine its



FOAM HORSES.—LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

expression to her brush and palette. She is a fearless rider and a good whip. "Indeed, I have loved them, ridden them, and sketched them since I was five years old."

"Have you done anything in the way of black-and-white work for the magazines or for book illustration?"

"Occasionally. I did this book, 'Round About a Brighton Coach-Office,' and I have some orders for others; but my pictures, of course, take up most of my time."

The gathering haze of the twilight warns me that some miles separate Bushey from London, and I am reluctantly forced to bid adieu to this most interesting artist, who, though but seven-and-twenty, certainly promises to win and to hold the title of the "English Rosa Bonheur."



SUMMER DROUGHT IN THE NEW FOREST.—LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

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## MR. AUGUSTUS HARE AS A GOSSIP.\*

Mr. Augustus Hare's "Story of My Life" runs to three thick volumes, and even then only reaches the year 1870. If we are interested we are to have more. Of course, we are interested; but let Mr. Hare not think we approve his unconscionable lengthiness. It isn't a book he has written at all: it is a tank into which he has shot things. There are many pages fit only for his guide-books; there are nursery chronicles that only mothers of young children could tolerate in such quantities; and there are detailed descriptions of illness and death-bed scenes which make us feel like intruders. It is not the ordinary outside reader that will quarrel with the rest of the book. Mr. Hare has chosen to be very candid, to upset our complacent notions of many persons with venerable and saintly reputations. These will have their defenders, without a doubt, and Mr. Hare will "catch it." The outsider, however, will possibly feel a good deal of sympathy with his strictures; and his attitude towards biography is a quite legitimate one—*De mortuis omnia*.

His own story is singular. His childhood was made miserable by certain persons with names that the cultivated religious world of England stands in awe of. His uncle, Julius Hare, behaved in a very unpleasant way to him. Two sisters of F. D. Maurice—one, Julius Hare's second wife—were, according to him, fanatical, cruel, detestable creatures, and, it would seem, desperately stupid. He was forced to spend a great deal of time in their company, unprotected from them by any really strong-minded guardian. His education was hopelessly wrong, being entrusted to negligent, incompetent hands, though those responsible for it belonged to the cultivated and the prosperous classes. His family, with

is never too lengthy. He tells one or two good ghost-stories, and some spiritualistic wonders—for the "medium" fever was at its height in his youth. In short, there is material out of which to frame a score of melodramas and romances. Much of the book is, of course, very painful, for the "quiet life" of which he once wrote the Memorials was not characteristic of the Hares as a race. But the revelations pertain to matters much too important to be omitted. That he has chosen to publish them in his lifetime is a matter, at least, within his discretion, seeing that nearly all the other actors in the story are dead. However indiscreet, "The Story of My Life" is, at all events, no commonplace autobiography, and, plunge in where you may, there is something to interest and attract, provided you have some leisure and do not feel bound to champion the respectable persons he maligns.

## "A GIRL'S WANDERINGS IN HUNGARY."\*

Miss Browning has written a very pleasant and readable account of her stay in Hungary, and her book can be recommended to anyone who wishes to gain some idea of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that strange country, which is still but little known in England, and has not yet been vulgarised by cheap excursions. The author does not claim to have written a scientific book of travels; in her chapters a great variety of subjects, often without much connection with each other, are lightly touched on, and in many cases the reader would not have regretted had they been treated in a more thorough and serious manner. Still, Miss Browning has evidently keen powers of observation;



GEORGIANA HARE NAYLOR.

ANNE FRY L. HARE.  
From a Portrait by Swinton.

MARIA HARE.

a few exceptions—Arthur Stanley, afterwards the Dean, for one—were a hindrance and a burden to him. He suffered even to hunger and cold for the lack of the meagrest schoolboy allowance; and only when he went to Oxford were the cherished independence and the high spirits of youth possible to him. One is glad to know that these manifested themselves in practical joking.

It is not only the sainted Hare family and their illustrious connections that come in for hard strictures. Perhaps because he was an unhappy child, he was bound to be a severe critic. But the book is not all abuse. Mr. Hare is an appreciative man, too, and if, maybe on childish grounds, he conceived a detestation of Thirlwall and Whewell, he is not so hard on the illustrious persons he met outside his own home circle. He enjoyed Mrs. Grote, for instance, and here is a picture of her on one occasion at Oxford—

Mrs. Grote sat with one leg over the other, both high in the air, and talked for two hours, turning with equal facility to Saffi on Italian Literature, Max Müller on Epic Poetry, and Arthur [Stanley] on Ecclesiastical History, and then plunged into a discourse on the best manure for turnips, and the best way of forcing Cotswold mutton, with an interlude first upon the "harmony of shadow" in water-colour drawing, and then upon rat-hunts at Jemmy Shaw's, a low public-house in Westminster. Upon all these subjects she was equally vigorous, and gave all her decisions with the manner of one laying down the laws of Athens.

In Italy he came across Ruskin copying bits of Paul Veronese, and he asked him for artistic advice.

He said, "Watch me." He then looked at the flounce in the dress of a maid of honour of the Queen of Sheba for five minutes, and then he painted one thread; he looked for another five minutes, and then he painted another thread.

The gossip he picked up from his countless relatives and from acquaintances, during his sojourns abroad, about family scandals and romances,

her descriptions are graphic and forcible, and she pictures in a clear and vivid way the Magyars, the Wallachs, the Slovaks, and the many other tribes and nations that go to make up the polyglot population of Hungary. There is nothing of the guide-book about her work, a painful defect in many books of travel; the reader is not dragged hurriedly from place to place, and forcibly shown every church or palace or other object of interest that may be catalogued by Baedeker. No, in company with Miss Browning, whose stay in Hungary extended over several years, we loiter pleasantly along, stopping wherever the fancy moves us, always welcomed with the same warm-hearted, open-handed hospitality, and learning to know the inner home life of the people, as well as the public life of the streets and markets. Their curious superstitions, their religious observances, their singular standard of morality, will be found an interesting study. If we meet with no very startling adventures or hairbreadth escapes, we are introduced to plenty of curious and interesting people; and we get pleasant glimpses of the lonely and mysterious Alföld, the great plain of Hungary, of the forests and mountains of the Karpethians, of the ice-caverns of Dobsina, and of the great river of the Danube, with its falls and rapids, from Buda-Pesth to Orsova. The book is not without defects. The wandering, planless way in which the story is told has occasionally led the author into rather tiresome repetition, which might have been avoided with a little more care; and some of the moral reflections which are sprinkled here and there, though they have the great merit of brevity, are both commonplace and unnecessary. The humorous descriptions are at times a little forced, and occasionally seem to us in rather doubtful taste. But these faults are comparatively trivial, and the book, as a whole, will be found very entertaining, and will probably excite in many readers a desire to see for themselves the country of the Magyars.

\* "The Story of My Life." By Augustus J. C. Hare. London: G. Allen.

\* "A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary." By H. Ellen Browning. London: Longmans.



"AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



TOUCHSTONE (MR. H. V. ESMOND).



JAQUES (MR. W. H. VERNON).



THE BANISHED DUKE (MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ).



FREDERICK, THE USURPING DUKE (MR. C. AUBREY SMITH).



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS PHOEBE.





MISS JULIA NEILSON AS ROSALIND.



SECOND LORD (MR. GEORGE BANCROFT).



ADAM (MR. HENRY LORAINÉ).



PAGES.



CELIA (MISS FAY DAVIS), AND ROSALIND (MISS JULIA NEILSON).



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "RECOLLECTIONS OF FENIANS AND FENIANISM."\*

I do not remember to have read a more honest book than Mr. John O'Leary's "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism." Mr. O'Leary makes no attempt whatever to put another face on Fenianism—either fairer or stronger—than that it had to his eyes; and here it is—not as he would have it seem to be, and not as he would have had it be—but as it really was to his knowledge. Nor is Mr. O'Leary more histrionic in the presentation of his experiences. He writes in most admirable idiomatic English, but neither rhetorically nor dramatically, nor with any eye to effect, nor, for that matter, with any eye to his readers. He is simply thinking aloud, and, as there is nothing more discursive than uncontrolled thought, his book is discursive. "I must do this book," he says, "in my own way or not at all, and, though possibly it were better it were not done at all, if it is to be done, then it must be done discursively, irregularly, and intermittently." No one—not Mr. O'Leary himself—can think "it were better not done at all," and no judicious reader would exchange its ingenuous discursiveness for anything more melodramatic, or even dramatic, but less natural. What, however, many readers, Irish and English, might wish away—Mr. O'Leary's hate of England, of political priests, and of the petty Irish parties of to-day—is the most instructive, the most interesting, and not the least intelligible portion of his book. We cannot understand the magnetic and almost miraculous fascination the founder of Fenianism, Stephens, exercised over his followers; but there is much in the book to help us to an understanding of the antipathy of Fenians to their chief English and Irish aversions. Here is Mr. O'Leary's admirable but repellent portrait of Stephens—

His strong will, which was the greatest of all his qualities, was accompanied, as it is in most strong men, by great arrogance and dogmatism, rendered the less tolerable by his supreme contempt for the world in general, including some very big people in it, and among them almost all the '48 leaders. Without a trace of charity or humility in his composition, he was necessarily habitually intolerant and unamiable, though he could occasionally be, and sometimes with some persons—notably Luby and myself—for considerable periods, very agreeable and even genial. To the rank-and-file of his followers he may be said to be mostly agreeable and even flattering; for, as their admiration of him was generally unbounded, in praising or otherwise gratifying them he was only in a measure satisfying his own self-esteem. Indeed, this sense of satisfaction with his followers was wont very often to take a somewhat ludicrous form, for while he thought so little of the world at large, and of many of whom it thought a good deal, he would say of some ordinary man of his own little world, not that he was exactly a great man, but that he was, as the case might be, the greatest smith, salesman, or schoolmaster not only of Ireland, but of the universe. No one was left in the smallest doubt that to be the greatest smith, salesman, and the like, was to be something very small indeed, compared to being the great organiser Stephens was allowed to be, or the great philosopher, poet, general, or the Lord knows what, he, in his own esteem, potentially was. For, to his mind, the great man could do anything; and he had not the shadow of a doubt but that he was himself a great man.

Mr. O'Leary does what he can, but unsuccessfully, to let us into the secret of the astonishing influence exercised by this self-sufficient egotist. But, if the Fenian worship of Stephens is unintelligible, Fenian hate of England and of priests is more easily understood. The organ of Fenianism took care to reproduce every passage of this kind that appeared in the English Press. "The Celt," wrote the *Times* of that day, "goes to yield the soil to the Saxon. The island of one hundred and sixty harbours, with a fertile soil, with noble rivers and beautiful lakes, with fertile mires and riches of every kind, is being cleared away quietly for the necessities and luxuries of humanity." Much more ferocious passages than this were reproduced from the *Times*, but none more exasperating. As for the priests, they denounced from the altar Fenians as infidels, and even—a lower depth—as

Protestants, pronounced the reading of their organ a mortal sin, and generally and genially agreed with one of their bishops, Moriarty of Kerry, that "Hell was not hot enough, nor eternity long enough, for the punishment of the Fenians." Surely it is profane in Christian divines to cry out against the kindly mercy of the eternal torment of hell, however inadequate the punishment may seem to them personally. Mr. O'Leary himself, we are grieved to find, is doubly lost—as a Trinity College man, no less than as a Fenian—since Cardinal Cullen, in a Pastoral, directed his clergy to withhold the Sacraments from parents who sent their sons to that university. That he is here in the same boat with Daniel O'Connell will hardly comfort Mr. O'Leary, since Dan was the most priest-ridden of men. Turning from the enemies of Fenianism to its supporters, it will be a surprise to our readers to learn that its two greatest recruiting-grounds were shops and barracks—

I should say that we had a greater proportion of shopmen of all possible grades in the various establishments, and of all possible shops, from the country shebeen to the monster houses of Dublin, Cork, and the other large cities. In these last we had from the beginning and all along some of our best workers, and in the end seem to have absorbed nearly the whole personnel of many of these big houses.

It was now to be proved beyond dispute that England could not in the least rely upon the Irish soldiers in her army.

So the thing went on for about a year or so, when some thousands at least of the soldiers must have been enrolled. I have no figures before me, nor are they, to my mind, needed. I have always understood from everybody having to do with the matter that there was simply no limit to the getting in of these soldiers, save the natural ones of time and opportunity.

The most naturally dramatic chapter of the book is that which describes Mr. O'Leary's arrest, trial, and sentence, but this, characteristically, is the most modest and reticent portion of the record. Mr. O'Leary does, however, give us the few words he spoke in the dock as they were taken down at the time, and of these we shall quote the closing passage—

"One word more and I shall have done. I have been found guilty of treason or treason-felony. Treason is a foul crime. The poet Dante consigned traitors to, I believe, the ninth circle of hell; but what kind of traitors? Traitors against king, against country, against friends and benefactors. England is not my country. I have betrayed no friend, no benefactor. Sydney and Emmet were legal traitors. Jeffreys was a loyal man, and so was Norbury. I leave the matter there."

Mr. O'Leary's attitude towards all contemporary men and movements throughout this most candid, striking, and instructive piece of autobiography reminds one of the regiment which Artemus Ward had drilled so smartly that no one could approach it from any quarter without having a bayonet

pointed towards him. Yet there is no man of any creed or party in Ireland who does not respect John O'Leary for sufferings uncomplainingly borne, who does not love his gentle kindness, honour his stubborn patriotism, and reverence his noble and uncompromising principle.

As a writer on country things Mr. P. Anderson Graham has made his reputation. But he has ventured into a new field with "The Red Scour," which he calls a Novel of Manners (Longmans). The pictures of Northumbrian scenery, and of the conditions of life among the peasants and yeomen there in fairly recent years, are excellent, and their excellence is visible almost from the beginning. But they would only tempt a limited number of readers to go on; and, both in criticism and in praise of the book, it should be said that Mr. Graham does himself woeful injustice in the first few chapters, so far as the story is concerned. He is still a prentice-hand, or he would know he must attack his work more promptly. His beginning is unbusinesslike, puzzling, and dull, yet it is the prelude to a capital story, which by its careful study of country types does fulfil its boast of being a Novel of Manners. Rustic greed, rustic cunning and brutality, are the main materials of the plot; but the better side of country life, its heartiness, its simple strength, are given due fighting powers, and the rough but dignified and attractive personality of Lil would draw favour for a much poorer story than "The Red Scour."



MR. JOHN O'LEARY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

\* "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism." By John O'Leary. With Portraits. Two Volumes. London: Downey and Co.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

One wonders whether we are growing conspicuously more or less religious as a nation and society. For our recent developments may be taken both ways. We have for some time congregated in the rather highly rented pews of St. Barrett's to watch the sufferings of an Early (female) Christian boy and a very pale and faded picture of the Proud Pagan Persecutors and their orgies. We have listened to hymns that effectively stopped the mouths of lions, and even the "shouts outside" of the maddened heathen multitude. Clergymen sent their flocks to the stalls, and came in themselves with Anglican Orders whose validity Rome could not impugn. And now we are called on to witness what the immortal Sairey called "The Piljian's Projiss," set forth in the House not particularly Beautiful that stands on the Narrow Way of Wych Street.

Hitherto our managers have shrunk from presenting the actual personages of Holy Writ on the stage. Neither St. Peter nor St. Paul

matters, treated them, within certain limits, in a very free-and-easy manner. Even so the preoccupation of the Hebrew mind with religion, and the familiarity of the New England mind with Scripture, have begotten among Jews and Yankees a certain humorous irreverence entirely different from the mockery of scepticism. So, too, Aristophanes, the satirist of sceptical innovations and new philosophies, the champion of the old-fashioned ideas, was yet the most ready to burlesque and ridicule the gods in every possible way. This orthodox Conservative was as keen in his satire of mythological absurdities as the scoffer of a later age, Lucian. But the believer and the sceptic reach the same point by opposite ways. The former holds his faith so firmly that he can afford to jest about it; the latter jests because he has ceased to believe.

If we have the Miracle Play again, what sort of a piece will it be? I should think it would be best to go back to the mediæval and other models. William Morris and Swinburne have caught the flavour of the archaic style, and Longfellow's Miracle Play in "The Golden Legend" is, in many places, distinctly happy. But if I were asked to suggest the



FROZEN-OUT.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY REID, WISHAW.

appeared at the Lyric, though both, according to tradition, were martyred under Nero. Probably Mr. Wilson Barrett did not see his way clear to double the Apostolic parts. And then he could not, if he played an Apostle, have so far departed from tradition as to go to the lions. It was better to remain Marcus (What?) Superbus, the Proud Patrician Prefect of unknown family, the Gorgeous Gentile with no Gentile name.

Is this movement to go further? If it does, we shall be having the old Miracle Plays back again. Already there have been some attempts in that direction, promptly foiled by the Lord Chamberlain or his deputy. But, really, after what has been permitted, it is hard to say what can now be excluded. Why should not we revive the Moralities and Mystery Plays of old time, and bring on allegorical personages to preach or satirise, somewhat more effectually than the pantomime fairies and demons that are at present their sole representatives?

Of one thing we may be very sure, that no modern version or perversion of any sacred story could be more vulgar, stupid, and seemingly blasphemous than a good many of the mediæval Miracle Plays. The imagination of the Middle Ages, continually occupied with religious

author best fitted to write our mysteries, I should name the gifted Maeterlinck. It is plain that we cannot reproduce the coarseness and crudities of the old pieces; to tolerate these we should have to throw away most of our taste and replace it by faith. It is also plain that we cannot expand sacred histories into elaborate and realistic dramas; to do this would destroy all their dignity and their interest. In such a difficulty we require a Symbolist.

A Symbolist may be defined as a man who says something else. If he writes so as to convey a plain and obvious meaning, we can be sure that this is not the true interpretation of his words. He may have several meanings, but this is not one of them. If he writes so as to convey absolutely no coherent sense, his choicest truths and most poetic sentiments are wrapped up in the seeming idiosyncrasy of his remarks. It is very nice to be a Symbolist. You have only to say something, and the readers or hearers of your work supply as many meanings as the heart of man could desire. Ibsen, although not deficient in powers of expression as a dramatist, has taken to Symbolism. It is so delightfully easy. You have only to say "Rats!" as in "Little Eyolf," and a whole string of beautiful interpretations is drawn by some critical conjurer out of the apparently empty hat.

MARMITON.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





"Do you make horses here?"

"No, Sir! Why?"

"I see you've got two or three frames knocking about."





THE PROMISE OF THE NEW YEAR.



Frank Richard.

"Bad luck to it! it's a Frenchie!"



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## "MARIQUITTA": AN INDIAN SKETCH.

BY GEOFFREY MOOR.

Yes, it was the house at the corner, and I passed it every day; its inmates became familiar to me, and I became known to them. Father, mother, daughter, and son, there they sat on the flat roof in the fresh evenings of the Indian cold weather; there, too, they lounged on sultry summer nights to catch a breath of air.

I did not know their name, but I knew that they were Eurasians; I did not even know to what social grade they belonged, but I knew that I was not likely ever to meet them in any society I might frequent.

I was not anxious to meet them or to develop any personal acquaintance with them; but they had become familiar objects to my view, and it seemed to be part of my everyday life to see them sitting there on the roof.

One day I noticed a disturbance at the corner house. A vehicle of torture, otherwise known as an Indian cab—that is prone to rattle its unfortunate inmate to atoms long before its destination be reached—stood at the door. Two boxes and a bag seemed to compose the luggage of the new arrival; no boardship chair, nothing to suggest a sea-voyage; no, I clearly decided it was not the mail that had brought this addition to the inhabitants of the corner house. The person, whoever it was, had entered before I passed, and only the luggage was waiting patiently outside. I had the curiosity to glance at the labels, and saw that they were marked "M. G."

My friends did not appear quite so often on the roof now, and they were never accompanied by the stranger.

It was the gay time of the year, and the festivities were numerous. I had a young friend staying with me at the time, and for his sake I determined to break through my lonely habits that I might show him some of the gaiety of our town. There was a "mad ball," as the natives term our fancy-dress dances, at the Town Hall, and, for the sake of my friend, I took tickets, and we went. The evening, for the time of year, was unusually warm, and all windows and doors were thrown widely open. The room looked charming in its decorations, and, as my young companion seemed to enjoy himself, I felt satisfied. Sauntering out on to one of the verandahs, I sat down peacefully to enjoy the strains of subdued music that reached me in the balmy air. The verandah was so dark that I could not see the faces of two people who were sitting in the opposite corner. But I could not help overhearing a few words of their conversation.

"How do you like being here?"

I was almost startled to recognise the voice of my young friend.

"Oh, I like it very much; it is a great change," answered a girl's voice.

As they passed me, I could see that her fancy-dress was a copy of a Grecian robe, and that it was entirely white, and I heard my friend say, "I have not seen you for months."

I returned to the ball-room and watched the dancers. Then I became aware that my friend was approaching me, and that his Grecian partner was still with him. This time I saw her face; it was very beautiful—her complexion pale, but not sallow. Her face suited her fancy-dress, for it was purely classical. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair was of a deep brown and loosely coiled at the back of her head in a Grecian knot. "Let me introduce you," he said, "to Miss Gonzalo." With a stately little bow she turned to me, and we were soon engaged in conversation. My friend had left us, and, though I no longer dance, I had asked her to be my partner.

She had not been in town long, she said; she came from up country, where she had first met my companion.

"No, I do not remember having seen you at Government House the other evening," I said.

She did not reply, but played with the tassel of her peplum.

Later on, I said, "Have you visited our small picture-exhibition yet?"

"Yes," she answered, her faces lightening up. "I am very fond of pictures; my father was an artist."

I noted that she spoke in the past tense: he was dead, then.

"You are here with your mother?" I suggested.

"I am an orphan," she said quickly; "I am here with friends."

Here my friend came up to claim her for a dance.

Later on in the evening I again found myself alone in the verandah, a clear Indian sky above me and my thoughts in an English home. My young friend came up to me. "They are playing the last dance," he said; "let us go home."

"By all means," I gladly rejoined. "Have you enjoyed your evening?"

"Pretty well. What do you think of Mariquitta Gonzalo?"

"She is very handsome and charming. Is she English?"

"Her father was a Spanish merchant and painter, and left her a very large fortune."

"You have known her some time, I hear?"

"Some months. I am glad you admire her. I really like the girl, and her fortune is worthy of old Indian times."

I was not prepared for this. "And so you are going to make me the witness of an engagement, I suppose?" I said with a smile.

"Not likely!" he answered, with a laugh that somehow struck me unpleasantly.

"Oh, well, I only thought from what you said——"

"No, no; not for me," he rejoined; "they are all very well to talk to; perhaps, you may say, to flirt with—I do not say no; but marry a woman with—well—dark blood in her ancestry—never!"

I heard a slight noise, and turning, saw Mariquitta Gonzalo in the doorway. The next minute she was gone.

"She heard," I faltered.

"Well, well, it cannot be helped," answered my companion, and turned to depart.

My friend left the next day; a constraint seemed to have fallen upon us.

It was a cool, pleasant evening when I stopped my carriage at the corner house I knew so well. It was not the usual calling hour, but the one at which I thought my friends were most likely to be found assembled.

It was some time before I discovered a man, who looked as if he might belong to the place, as he sat reading and, seemingly, by no means inclined to understand me. When, at last, he appeared to have grasped the situation, he took my card and vanished into the house. Another man appeared, a very untidy man, whose would-be white clothes looked somewhat ashamed of themselves. He led me up a bare staircase to a still barer landing-place, and from there into a sitting-room which certainly was not bare.

The walls were covered with brightly coloured prints; all the tables, and there were many, had brilliant cloths thrown over them, and were littered with bright ornaments, photographs, and, incongruously enough, signs of a meal in the form of plates that had not yet been cleared away. Of birds there seemed quite a collection, but, like the furniture, they seemed chiefly to have been selected for their gay colouring, and certainly not for their melodious voices.

Some moments elapsed before "the mother" entered. I knew her well from my observations of the family as they sat on the roof. Over a loose white wrapper she had thrown a bright crimson shawl, which made one feel uncomfortably warm, though, doubtless, it was meant as a reception costume. I asked after Miss Gonzalo, on whom I had come to call. Thereupon this lady called, "Flora!" Flora, appearing, bore a great resemblance to her mother, and was also attired in white, but her dress was tidier, and she proved decidedly pretty.

"Flora, this gentleman wants to see Mariquitta?"

"Yes, she is in," was the reply, and the damsel vanished.

"Miss Gonzalo is your niece?" I ventured.

"Oh dear, no! She is staying with us because we knew her well up country before her mother died, and we wanted her to see the town and enjoy herself, so we have been taking her about."

"I was happy enough to meet her at the fancy-dress ball the other evening."

"Ah, well! She did not enjoy that, she was ill afterwards; but Flora liked it."

Here we were interrupted by the appearance of that young lady and Mariquitta herself. The contrast between the two girls was very striking; nobody could have suspected Mariquitta of ancestors darker than Spaniards. She greeted me quietly, though, as she first recognised me, a deep flush had mounted to her cheek.

"I wonder if that man is bringing tea?" asked the mother, apparently of nobody in particular.

I began to talk to Mariquitta, and was glad when mother and daughter vanished, one after the other, evidently in quest of the untidy man and tea.

Then Mariquitta rose and walked to the open door that led to the flat roof I knew so well.

It is hot here," she said.

We both stepped out and sat in low chairs on the roof.

She was dressed in a neat white dress, and wore no ornaments, save a large plainly set sapphire at her throat. Her beauty was of the finest Spanish type.

"I am glad to have an opportunity of wishing you good-bye," she said.

"Are you leaving us so soon?"

"Yes, I do not think I like town life, after all."

"Do you not find it lonely up country? You do not live by yourself?"

"An old friend of my mother lives with me. She and I have no time to be lonely, for I like to see to everything myself. Besides, I am not always there. I have been to Europe twice since my parents died. I went to Spain, but my father's relations are all dead."

"Miss Gonzalo," I said rather abruptly, "your friends will return directly, and I have a message to deliver to you."

"Yes?" with a questioning glance.

"From my friend; he has left me; he was very sorry you—overheard. He was grieved to have hurt you."

I looked at her, but withdrew my glance amazed, for the quiet girl beside me seemed of a sudden to be inspired with all the fire and dignity of her father's race.

"Grieved to have hurt me!" she repeated slowly. "If I had believed his ardent words, if ever I could have believed him, he might have hurt me. But I knew that he could not mean such protestations for more than a few hours. I knew, for I had learned. Listen. I have had a good education, and my father was one of the most refined men I have ever met. I knew long ago that I was rich, and thought I had advantages even above other girls. Ah! but I did not understand. My father never brought me to this town—I was educated in a convent at home. Then my parents died, and gradually I began to understand. I understood that what was for others was not for me. I might have advantages, be educated and rich; but there would ever be one barrier that no man's hand could raise—the barrier of prejudice, of race. And I do not blame them; but it is hard sometimes, and I thought there might be exceptions."

She faltered, despite the proud curve of the lip, and I felt dimly what my friend had won and—lost.

"There are exceptions, Miss Gonzalo!" I exclaimed.

I gave her my hand; she pressed it lightly, but gently shook her head. Mother and daughter returned; the father and brother, too, appeared, both very dark, both very talkative. We conversed, we drank tea out of oddly assorted cups, and then the untidy man escorted me through the gaudy sitting-room and bare landing, down the dark staircase, out into the street, with its gaily robed homeward-bound natives.

Before leaving, I had turned to Mariquitta. "Good-bye," I said. "I hope we may meet again."

"Good-bye," she had answered.

I still pass the house at the corner, and look up at the roof, but I have never been inside it again. The mother sometimes nods to me from the top, but they claim no other acquaintanceship.

I often remember Mariquitta and her strange fate, and think angrily of my friend, whom I have not seen since, and wonderingly of her words, "And I do not blame them." But when I recollect the untidy man, the gaudy room, the white-robed mother, Flora, the ill-assorted cups, the objectionable father and brother—in fact, the whole establishment—I leave off wondering, and I, too, understand and do not blame. But, understanding with my head, there is a feeling which is still foolish enough to whisper—

"Poor girl! poor Mariquitta!"

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Life of Meissonier, lately brought out in its English form by Mr. Heinemann, is a sumptuous volume. The arts of reproduction have been forced to their very best, and the painter's work is shown with great completeness. The handsomest picture-book of the year it may call itself without fear of contradiction. But, unlike many picture-books, it has a great deal to offer of interest in its text. A biographer, though he be not first-rate, can always make something of a man like Meissonier. There is a great deal to tell about him. His poverty-stricken youth, his campaign in Italy, his antiquarian, historical, and even scientific interests—all enlisted, of course, in the service of art—his public spirit, the intense seriousness with which he took himself, his work, and life in general, appeal far beyond artistic circles. There was nothing puny about him, and there was nothing remote from the world he was born into. A very lusty soul was Meissonier, even if his ideas were of the soberest. One's affection grows and grows with the story of his life, quite irrespective as to whether or not one is drawn to his clever, precise, and energetic style of art. One strong reason of the affection which a reader must feel for him, is his boundless self-satisfaction. That is the secret of the spread of happiness. Meissonier respected everything he did and said, and he had better reasons for his self-gratulation than most, for he was a generous spirit with a high ideal, and what he set out to do he did almost as well as the thing could be done. His opinion about his own personality must be catching; his biographer, who, worthy man, has not a keen sense of humour, has caught it, and takes not only Meissonier's art, but all his words, *au grand sérieux*. It is a little unkind to the memory of one who in his own department was so strenuous and so deft, that the platitudes which he used to jot down on life and art, mostly as commonplace as they are sententious, should be printed in full, in large type, to fill many chapters, all grouped under the heading of "Wisdom."

Mrs. Charles' autobiography, "Our Seven Homes," published by Mr. Murray, is innocent and amiable, as might have been expected. I do not think it is a great surprise for those who knew Mrs. Charles, but it is also singularly devoid of personal interest. She had many friends, and on occasion could describe them well. But she was essentially a pure egotist—an egotist of the most attractive type, but still an egotist. Nevertheless, there are one or two surprising facts in the little volume, which is well but too sentimentally written. The first is that her husband, Mr. Andrew Charles, brother of Mr. Justice Charles, who was supposed to be very wealthy, left her nothing. The next is that her stories and religious volumes supplied her whole income, an income which must have been a very handsome one, judging from the beauty of her home and the style in which she lived. She sold the copyright of her most popular volume, "The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," for a trifle. Nevertheless, she was able from her other productions to live in comparative luxury, and to dispense many charities to the last of her life.

Mr. Robert Chambers bids fair to be the modern Poe, a Poe with a sense of humour, but a more irresponsible fancy. His stories of the Latin Quarter are among the best of their kind. Their quite original mixture of passionate romance with ghoulish incidents has a lurid fascination for some readers, and even such as find them entirely repellent cannot but own their power. In his last book, however, "The Maker of Moons" (Putnam), he has overstepped the limits of extravagance. The volume contains stories of American life, for the most part; but Mr. Chambers loves France and its people, especially its daughters, so well that they are brought in pretty frequently. New York, plain and simple, has nothing satisfying to his mind. He must import Eastern mystery to heighten the effect of the ghastliest crime, and a lady from some old romantic country to give savour to a love-story. But in his latest mood he riots in sensation, in the grotesque, the hideous, the impossible, straining his invention till, in "The Maker of Moons" and "The Man at the Next Table," it cracks, and we no longer shudder, but only laugh uncomfortably. Poe was mild, reasonable, coherent, and familiar compared to Mr. Chambers in the mood of which these two tales are the product.

We have a very pretty satirist and an inimitable parodist in Mr. Owen Seaman. His "Battle of the Bays" (Lane) is so good that the fact of its being inspired by the competition for the Laureateship does not make it out-of-date. His irreverent echoes must surely give a good deal of pleasure even to the echoed. Mr. Swinburne can hardly bear malice for—

O delights of the time of my teething,  
Félice, Fragoletta, Yolande!  
Foam-yeast of a youth in its seething  
On blasted and blithering sand!

nor Sir Edwin Arnold for—

Yá Yá! Best-Belovéd! I look to thy dimples and drink;  
Tiddlihi! to thy cheek-pits and chin-pit, my Tulip, my Pink!

Chest-Preserver! thou knowest thine eyes, they alone, are my drink,  
Blue-black as the sloes of the Garden or Stephens his Ink.

Heart-Punisher! Surely I think it was jalapped with gin!  
Aha! Paradise! I am passing! So be it! Amin!

Not a style escapes his most annoying cleverness. Perhaps he is a little cruel now and again; but if Mr. Watson does not like to have his fine indignation concerning the Laureate appointment put thus into words—

Surely I hear through the noisy and nauseous clamour of Carleon  
Sobs of the sensitive Nine heave upon Helicon's hump!

he can console himself by laughing at the "Ballad of a Bun"—

Across the sounding City's din  
She wandered, looking indiscreet,  
And ultimately landed in  
The neighbourhood of Regent Street.  
She ran against a resolute  
Policeman standing like a wall;  
She kissed his feet, and asked the route  
To where they held the Carnival.

Outside "The Battle of the Bays" there are hard knocks given, too. Among the great personages thrown to us as food for laughter are Walt Whitman, Mr. Beardsley, and the Emperor William. o. o.

## BALLAD OF GOOD RESOLVES.

Writ on January One.

Black Night; and then the bursting bells  
Break forth and peal the joyous year.  
Time works again his splendid spells,  
For Eighteen-Ninety-Seven is here.  
And, listening to the crowds that cheer—  
For all the city seems awake—  
The path I mean to tread is clear  
With all the good resolves I make.  
The Past is gone: its dying knells  
Gave birth to Hope which means to steer  
Across the shallows and the swells,  
And in the face of winds that veer.  
I will not blanch when clouds appear,  
For through the gloom the sun must break;  
Though buffeted, I'll persevere—  
Such be the good resolves I make.  
Yea, will I storm the citadels,  
Nor ever seek to mutineer  
Amid the raining shot and shells,  
In face of foemen's glittering spear.  
Yea, will I fight, though sorrows scar,  
And though my head and heart do ache,  
For, after all, there's naught to fear—  
These be the good resolves I make.

IN CONCLUSION.

"Dreamer of Dreams," the cynics sneer;  
"Hope on the Morrow may forsake."  
Well, let To-morrow jibe and jeer,  
To-night these good resolves I make.

J. M. D.



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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Interest in the football season is being well sustained, and that despite the fact that the championships of the First and Second Leagues would seem to be allocated. Of course, the clubs which promise to carry off the honours have still a great deal to do, and, bearing in mind the proverbial uncertainty of the game, nobody would be surprised were his calculations to be confounded.

For the First Division championship, Aston Villa, the holders, are good favourites, and no impartial observer of form would care to suggest that the honours would not be well won. The Villans are a great team—a team reminding us very much of Sunderland at their best, and that surely is high praise.

Aston Villa is composed of men for the most part tall and heavy. Probably, in the matter of physique, they would compare with a team of Corinthians, and, though they lack the pace of the amateurs, their combination is unquestionably superior. The match between the pair the other day produced a grand game and a draw of four goals each; but it must not be overlooked that the fixture was in the South, and that, however much a League club may be desirous of giving the public its money's worth, their play is not such as would be forthcoming for a League match. And perhaps it is just as well.

In saying this I am bearing in mind the abnormal number of instances of rough play that have to be chronicled. Sometimes, where the play is not distinctly foul, it is unnecessarily rough, and that is why I am always pleased to see referees down on rough though fair charging. Of course, this sort of thing is not confined to the professionals, as players in College Cup ties would testify. A few hard knocks do nobody any harm; but, after all, it is not pleasant to see skill made subsidiary to brute force. That is bad enough in boxing, where there is no remedy—except the skill.

At one time the Bolton Wanderers threatened to give serious trouble to Aston Villa. For that matter, the so-called "Trotters" are not yet out of the hunt; but it would be foolish to contend that Bolton reach the class attained by Aston Villa. The Wanderers started brilliantly, thanks to the good condition of their team, and played equally well week after week; but once Aston Villa had settled down, there was not much doubt as to the trend of events.

In the Second Division the situation would appear to be even clearer. Here Notts County have taken a big lead, and, as there is considerable confusion as to which among their rivals is best, the speculative excitement is flagging. Everybody who knows the history of Nottingham football would rejoice to see the Lace team reoccupying the place that was theirs before their decline. And the good people of the enthusiastic town would be frantic with joy.

The Southern League has never been so interesting as it is this year. The reason is apparent enough. Hitherto it has been a case of Millwall first and the rest nowhere. On this occasion Millwall are still in the running, but popular fancy inclines to Southampton St. Mary's, a plucky and promising club, whose proud position at present has been gained more by good play than by luck, of which commodity, however, the seashiders have had a fair share. Millwall sustained their first home defeat the other day, when Tottenham Hotspur beat them by four goals to none. The Hotspur is one of the youngest but not the least capable of Southern professional organisations.

Quite a shock ran through football circles the other day when a member of the touring Edinburgh Watsonian's fifteen was ordered off the field at Cardiff for rough play, after having been thrice cautioned. Had this incident occurred in the Northern Rugby Union, few would have been much surprised; but for a pure amateur Rugbyist to suffer this indignity argues a woeful lack of sportsmanship somewhere.

## CRICKET.

The departure of Mr. Priestley's combination of cricketers for a tour in the West Indies, to be followed immediately by Lord Hawke's team, reminds me that we have something to look forward to in the remaining months of the English winter and spring. It is some form of consolation to the stay-at-home and frozen-out cricketer to be able to read of matches participated in by Englishmen, even without being able to witness them.

I think I have already mentioned that Mr. Priestley's combination is rather more powerful than Lord Hawke's. It includes Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. S. M. J. Woods, Mr. R. C. N. Palaret, and Mr. H. T. Stanley. Here we have a few of our leading county amateurs, and it seems to me that, unless the West Indies be better than is generally supposed, they will not have a very great show against either team.

I fail to see that Lord Hawke in his interview has improved his case by his explanation. No doubt Mr. Priestley was not disposed to give up the trip very easily, but it seems to me that Lord Hawke assumed too lofty an attitude altogether. However, there is no need to pursue an unpleasant subject, and I can only hope that there will be nothing in the nature of a clash.

The Australian eleven which was in England last year has been touring New Zealand. For the most part the Cornstalks were much too strong for the purpose, but they received a very severe fright from Otago in a match with a fifteen of the district. The Australians made 132 and 95, while Otago replied with 144 and 64. In the first innings of the Australians, Clement Hill secured top score with 37, but in the second venture, Trumble, so useful a bat, came out with 27.

I understand that the Western Australian Cricketing Association are anxious that Mr. Stoddart's cricket eleven of 1897 should visit Western Australia. Major Wardill, who has replied for Mr. Stoddart, suggested that one thousand pounds be required for two matches in Western Australia. It would seem a good thing that the scratch team resolution of Association football does not obtain in cricket.

The veteran Wisden's "Cricketers' Almanack" has again appeared. It remains the bible of the batsman. OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

This is the week of all others when Messrs. Weatherby's assistants work at high pressure. All the entries for races to close on the first Tuesday in January have to be checked and re-checked to see that the rules of the Jockey Club have been complied with. It is a matter for congratulation that owners, trainers, and others responsible should have educated themselves up so well with regard to conditions, &c., that very few mistakes occur, and we seldom now find a five-year-old entered in a race confined to two-year-olds. True, some owners neglect to give the ages of their horses, but very few.

We have no amateur yearling book on the Derby now. Sir John Willoughby used to make one; but he can hardly do so in Holloway this year. As a matter of fact, few people care to dabble with the Derby nowadays until the numbers have gone up at Epsom. The winter betting this year has simply amounted to cramped offers against Velasquez, Vesuvian, and Galtee More. These three horses are, I am glad to hear, doing well in their work; but it is just on the cards that another Common or Sir Hugo may be sprung upon us at Epsom.

I am told one of the illustrated papers devoted to racing matters has changed hands, and that it has now become the property of George Newnes, Limited. The cost of getting out a paper of the kind is something astounding, and when it is done it appeals to a limited circle only. As a matter of fact, racing men are not keen on literature other than that contained in prophetic selections. Your regular racegoer will talk horse from morning till night, but only in connection with his winning chance for any forthcoming race.

It is rumoured that Mr. E. T. Hooley has his eye on one or two of our successful racecourses, with a view to running these as going concerns. I noticed by an advertisement appearing a day or two back that somebody wanted to buy Sandown Park shares. Can it be that the big financier has his eye on the popular Esher enclosure? Sandown, I should add, earns almost as big a gross profit as Kempton, but the capital of the Sandown Company is seven times as great as that of the Kempton Company, which accounts for the difference in the dividends paid by the two companies.

Old Tom Jennings, who has just celebrated his seventy-third birthday, was born at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire. As long ago as 1838 he was apprenticed to his uncle, Thomas Carter, the French trainer, and was very soon in the saddle in public. His deeds upon horseback are forgotten in the recollection of what he has achieved in the preparation of thoroughbreds for races. I may mention, however, that he rode Nativia, the first winner of the French Oaks. Tom Jennings has also been to Italy—indeed, some of his happiest experiences were gained in the Sunny South, and such is the estimation in which he is held by sportsmen in France and Italy that a large number of the horses sent from those countries to meet engagements in England are placed under his charge. He has trained many winners, both across the water and over here. He takes an active and intelligent part in the Newmarket local affairs, and is especially fond of a pinch of snuff.

The folly of allowing more than one animal bearing the same name to be in training has been demonstrated again and again during the so-called "illegitimate" season. Time after time has the attention of the National Hunt Committee been directed to this important matter of nomenclature, but they still go on their sleepy way without proposing any remedy. To alter the state of affairs that exists no delicate legislation is required; it is not—it cannot be—a matter on which men's minds are divided. The remedy is as simple as shelling peas. All that is required is a short law forbidding more than one horse to be called by the same name. If the National Hunt are averse to this course, then let them adopt the course followed some time since by the Jockey Club. I refer to the numeral system, which, bad as it is, is better than no system at all.

One or two of the amateur riders who fancy themselves as horsemen have been backing their own mounts of late with disastrous results. As a rider, I think Captain Bewick is 7 lb. in front of any other amateur. He, too, is fond of a plunge, and, if he puts his money down in real earnest, he generally picks it up again. It is a matter for remark that riders of the standing of A. Nightingall and Captain Bewick seldom come to grief in a fair battle, and if they do meet with injury, it is generally caused by a cannon.

Messrs. Biedermann and Co., of Shaftesbury Avenue, have published a reproduction of a painting of Persimmon by Captain Adrian Jones. The reproduction is excellent.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

With the advent of the New Year one's thoughts generally turn to wondering what is in store for us during the coming twelve months. With cyclists this must be a very prominent feature. The past year has been a record one in cycledom, and it is with certain feelings of regret that one bids farewell to it. "Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" may be all very well; but the past has been a fact, and the future is veiled in obscurity. There are plenty of croakers who delight in foretelling the speedy desertion of the "bike" by society for some new pastime. That there are a certain number of riders who bicycle because it is the fashion, and have no love for it, may be; but by far the greater number have experienced not only the pleasure and independence that the wheel gives, but also its usefulness. This is an age of record-breaking, so perhaps 1897 may knock 1896 out of the field; let us hope it may be so.

A new invention will shortly be put on the market. It is called the Pneumatic Compensation Cycle. I paid a visit to the offices in Queen Victoria Street to have a look at this wonderful machine, which claims to entirely supersede the pneumatic tyres. The pneumatic principle is applied to the framework of the machine instead of to the tyres. The latter are of the solid rubber class and narrow, and, therefore, free from all dangers of puncture. All vibration and jolting from whatever cause is intercepted. The machine can also be taken to pieces in three sections for packing and travelling, which will be invaluable for touring purposes. The price, I am told, will also place it within the reach of all. I shall hope to give a fuller account, with the details of its composition, very shortly.

All manners of enthusiastic pedallers have been heard of, from lunatics upwards, but bicycles for the blind had not entered into one's mind. Yet America boasts of an adept who is totally blind. Miss Edna Morris is the young lady; only seventeen years of age, she can be seen daily in Chicago taking her outing, escorted by her cousin, a young man of about her own age. He holds her handle-bar, and thus guides her through the intricacies of the traffic.

Cyclists who want to be consoled as to their health should at once take a ticket for Paris, or, better still, bicycle there, and consult Dr. Oscar Jennings. He says that, "so far from it being necessary for a patient to always take medicine, this form of treatment is a mere concession to the patient, or a symptom of ignorance on the part of the physician." According to Dr. Oscar Jennings, bicycling is a panacea for all known ailments, of which he gives a long list, and he goes so far as to say that consumption is curable. He not only says this, but gives facts, and quotes the opinions of many other doctors who hold the same views.

With 1897 the Cyclists' Touring Club enters on its twentieth year of existence. This wonderful organisation now numbers a membership of close on forty thousand, and I fully expect to see this figure very largely increased before the end of the year. The ordinary cyclist must be unaware of the great advantages to be gained by membership, or he would certainly join the association. Let me point out one or two facts. In the first place, any cyclist proceeding abroad will find that the production of the club pass will act as a sort of "Open Sesame" in all countries, and none of the vexatious delays caused at the various Custom Houses will be experienced; secondly, it should be known that a saving of over 33 per cent. is gained on the charges at all the hotels on the club list. Consuls are also appointed in every district, who will give aid and information to those touring. Members also receive the *Monthly Gazette* free. The annual subscription to this excellent club is only five shillings per annum, so let me advise all who are not already members to write at once to the secretary, Mr. E. R. Shipton, to the offices at 47, Victoria Street, Westminster, who will supply all necessary information.

The ubiquitous cycle, it appears, is not only to be met with in every highway and byway in the universe, but it has even invaded the ball-room. Lord and Lady Brassey were among the first to introduce the novelty, and their example has recently been followed in France. At a cyclists' ball in Paris the chief attraction was a set of lancers performed (I can hardly say "danced") by four couples on cycles. Whether the ladies wore ball-dresses or bloomers is not stated. We are accustomed to this sort of entertainment at a gymkhana or on the stage of the Westminster Aquarium, but I think it will be long ere the fashion obtains in an English ball-room. It has often occurred to me that an interesting article might be written on "cycling nomenclature," and perhaps someone with a genius for statistics will inform us how many new words the cycling boom has added to the English language. I have no fault to find with "cycle" or "bicycle"; but I protest against the gross vulgarity of the contraction "bike." Our French neighbours have shortened the cumbrous "*vélodéfère*" into "*vélo*"; there is nothing uneuphonious in this, and it threatens to supplant the more refined "*bicyclette*." By-the-by, I wonder if any of my readers can settle the knotty question how to express in French the act of riding on a bicycle. Is it more correct to say "*en bicyclette*," as one would say "*en wagon*," or "*à bicyclette*," as "*à cheval*"? I am inclined to the latter; but I believe it is still a moot point. I read that the Belgians—at least, those who affect

their old Flemish language—anxious to coin a pure Flemish word which shall describe the bicycle without any foreign intermixture, have hit upon the following: "*Gewielsnelrijocettrappeudneusbrekergestel*."

Though skirts are still, and are likely to continue to be, much more worn by "society" than rational costume, yet upholders of the latter are not wanting. Lady Colin Campbell says: "Once a lady has experienced the delightful freedom of the bifurcated garment, the hampering skirt has no longer any charm for her." Among the ardent cyclists of the world of art may be mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Alma-Tadema and Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. The latter has recently been frequently seen a-wheel on the Suffolk coast.

From the far North I am told that Mrs. Chinnery-Haldane, wife of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, is learning, and will doubtless next summer enjoy many pleasant spins along the picturesque shores of Loch Linnhe, near her Highland home.

We are promised a cycling novel from the pen of M. Emile Zola, who, himself a wheelman, has a high opinion of the beneficial effects of cycle exercise, especially for brain-workers. He considers that the use of the wheel will supply France with a race of vigorous men and women in the coming by-and-by. Until the advent of cyclomania, it was feared that the ever-increasing difficulties of competitive examinations were destined to produce a race of pygmies who had all run to head; but the antidote is found and the physique of the human race is saved!

## "ROUND ABOUT ARMENIA." \*

This is not a political treatise, but a book of travel. It is thoroughly readable. Mr. Hodgetts went out as a newspaper correspondent to the East in the early part of last year, travelling through Turkey, the Caucasus, and Persia, and he narrates what he saw and heard in a pleasant, easy fashion, giving impressions rather than learned studies. Nothing seems to have impressed him so much as Russian influence. Even in the Turkish army he found that the historic fez was rapidly giving way to a head-dress very similar to that of the Russian Cossack, and that generally the Turkish uniform was being assimilated as much as possible to that of Russia. In the Turkish ports of the Black Sea Russian prestige appeared to Mr. Hodgetts to be the dominant factor, and he observed with chagrin that most of the British Consuls in the East were overshadowed by their Russian colleagues. In Turkey and Persia, indeed, he found that, as a rule, the Russian was in all respects in a better position than the English Consul. "He has better pay, spends more money, and keeps up a greater state." At Constantinople the traveller's passport had been visé for Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia; but on reaching Trebizond he was forbidden to go inland. Accordingly, he proceeded to Batoum, and thence through Russian territory to Tiflis. On the way a railway official said to him, "Those Armenians are the curse of the country. As it is, they have got nearly all the land of the Caucasus into their clutches. The entire population is in their debt. They are sucking the life-blood of the country. The Circassians are a lazy, proud, good-for-nothing lot of fellows, who won't work, and care for nothing but enjoyment, and the Armenians have got the whip-hand of them." Mr. Hodgetts, however, gives a favourable account of the better classes of Armenians. The drama is one of their amusements; they have writers of fiction, historians, and political economists, and he says he has heard nothing to equal Armenian orators outside Hungary. The ladies attracted his admiration. Whereas the Turkish woman is "exclusively her husband's plaything, and the ornament of the harem," the wives of the Armenians are not only beautiful, but industrious. Even when summoned to a court of law, they take their work with them, so as not to waste valuable moments. After waiting some weeks at Tiflis, Mr. Hodgetts was informed by the Russian Governor-General that he would not be allowed to proceed to Turkish Armenia. "The Government," said this official, "does not approve of your travelling in the Caucasus at all." Being thus again baffled, he went east to Baku and crossed the Caspian to Resht, in Persian territory. Here he was impressed by the remarkable hold which Russia seems to have got on the trade of Persia. "The Russian *samovar*, or hot-water urn, is in use in every Persian family. Everybody drinks tea, and the tea is imported from Russia. All imports of value come across the Caucasus." From Resht Mr. Hodgetts turned north-westward to Tabreez, with the hope of crossing in this direction into Turkish territory. At Tabreez, however, the Turkish Consul warned him that if he attempted to cross the frontier his life would be in danger. The British Consul having joined in the warning, Mr. Hodgetts telegraphed home to the newspaper which he represented, and received instructions to return. At this stage of the book he ceases to be a hero. One feels disappointed that he should have had to abandon his quest and go "round about Armenia" without penetrating the disturbed districts. He took a route northward, which the Russian Governor-General of the Caucasus had specially prohibited him taking, and he contrived, in spite of spies, to visit Etchmiadzin, the centre of Armenian religious life, but this does not quite atone for his failure to carry the reader with him to Erzeroum. At the same time, he had had plenty of adventure, and there are few dull pages in his book.

\* "Round About Armenia." By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## JANUARY GOSSIP.

It is not always unmitigated joy to be taken down to dinner by the typical young man of the period, that melancholy example of up-to-date evolution whose immaculate tie and shiny pumps are the only brilliant points of his person. Such fate befell me, however, some evenings since, when attending one of the numerous festivities which usually usher in another New Year. There was not much to remember about this particular young man, nor did we warm to anything more exciting than the weather and the pantomimes, until a particularly good *entrée* tickled his languid imagination into remarking a very pretty girl who sat not far off. "But what clothes!" remarked my fastidious Johnny. "She had much better have been born with a nose out of drawing, and a sense of fitness about the hang of her skirt." Of course, such sentiments so heathenishly modern provoked, as they were meant to do perhaps, a small stream of argument on the eternal question of feminine attractiveness. My guileless plea for beauty unadorned, but beauty at any cost, was flouted by my mercilessly up-to-date neighbours on each side, and it was borne in upon me that the modiste has more to do after all with the modern panoply of a woman's various charms than even the woman herself always realises. "The first impression a woman gives me," continued my now loquacious neighbour, screwing his eye-glass in at the most critical angle, "is received for good or bad from her dress. If she is turned out satisfactorily, I next look at her figure, and, lastly, at her face. If she is dowdy to begin with, even with the features of a Clytie and the figure of any other classical what's-her-name whatever, she exists no longer, as far as I am concerned." To be sure, I laughed low but long at this superbly insolent young-old man, so satisfied with his judgments and his profoundly ludicrous conclusions. Yet was there some method in this banality, too, for those who know this century-end constitution must recognise that to us art has charms which Nature only was supposed to excite in the guileless bosoms of our forebears. So out of the mouths of babes—or bores—some words of wisdom may occasionally fall. Seriously, also, there is not a doubt but that your carefully manipulated young woman is a power in herself. She compels your admiration, as the other one does



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BLACK, BEETROOT, AND IVORY AT HUMBLE'S.

your half-felt pity, and though there may be greater aims and higher arts than that one of dressing well, few are externally more satisfying.

At the moment a very powerful factor in the altogether of feminine allurements is the sale, which universally makes its economic and attractive *rentrée* in January of every year. But for these same sales, indeed, I know not how the metropolitan maid or matron, with

restricted income and unrestricted array of frocks, would fare for her fashions. It is all very well in the country, where tailor-mades do most of the work, and parties are infrequent enough to be enjoyable. But in town, with the never-ending social round that, even to the keenest pleasure-seeker, seems to sometimes taste of the treadmill, our wardrobes must be bountiful and beautiful as pecuniary exigencies will possibly provide, and here, therefore, the holocaust



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AN OUTDOOR FROCK OF GREY AND AMBER AT HUMBLE'S.

of early January and July comes in with special significance and suitability. Not alone all the smart and small shops equally subscribe to this carnage and sacrifice of chiffons, but the milliners and modistes of most austere upper-floor gentility; and really the ruthless manner in which masterpieces by French artists in the cult are "marked down" is a temptation which few could, or I might almost say, should, resist. In particularising these seductions, I think no one who can should defer an early visit to Peter Robinson's collections of blouses and bodices in all kinds and sorts of materials and manners, either of the useful serge or woollen, with serviceable and smart trimmings of braid and velvet, or the airy, fairy, lighter combinations in silk, lace, and ribbon, daintily put together for evening, or the little less full toilette of afternoons; here there is a variety scarcely appreciable to those who have not paid a visit to this busy corner of the Circus. Reductions are ruthlessly made, with the single object of "clearing," in classic shop parlance, and the most economically minded need not go empty away, as far as "bargains" are concerned, from Peter Robinson's and other establishments of the same standing.

Quite the most seductive ball-, or rather, dinner-gown, I have seen so far this year was lately made by Worth for the Duchesse de Luynes, a noted leader of fashion, as all the world knows, and one whose figure and appearance generally are calculated to set off the mode-maker's best efforts. A thick brocade of rosy pink, with long pointed leaves as the basis of its design, is made with long train and tablier à la Louis Seize. An apron, narrow at waist, but wider towards hem, is trimmed at foot with deep flouncing of pink mousseline de soie, arranged in festoons, with a heading of velvet violets in many shades of mauve. Bands of Russian sable border the apron from waist to hem, and are continued up the bodice, where each end is hidden finally under a posy of violets and foliage, which is again set off with loopings and short draperies of old lace in adorably directed confusion. A little folded satin waistband of amethyst satin reflecting the violet's best tints is arranged with the true Gallic touch of genius. A tiara of amethysts and diamonds, with necklace to match, was worn by the Duchess at the entrance into society of her newest gown. I think, with the diamonds as reservations perhaps, this fascinating frock might contain some hints for



the matronly purchasers of Louis Quinze and Quatorze brocades from Peter Robinson's ample stock of sacrificial items during this and following weeks.

There is one other essentially feminine point of attractiveness, which, up to recent years, was less understood of us barbarous islanders than its various enticements deserved, and that is the comprehensive matter of lingerie. A fine lady of Paris, Vienna, or New York, owning her quiverful of *matinées*, *négligés*, breakfast-jackets, and all the panoply of ribbons, laces, and silken skirts with which her wardrobe was supplemented, had an air of daintiness peculiar to herself, and conspicuously absent in the type of Englishwoman of the same class. But that graceless though worthy personality, with thick soles, waist to match, and no hat to speak of, has long been a gradually disappearing quantity and is now almost entirely relegated to the appalling ranks of New Womanhood, while in her place has arisen a graceful being of rustling silken skirts, silk-shod feet, *ondulé* locks, and manifold allurements—a more expensive chattel to the bread-winner than her grandmother, or even aunt, perhaps, for I speak of twenty and thirty years back, but more



A BREAKFAST NÉGLIGÉ AT GRAHAM'S.

persuasively pleasant, of a certainty. We live in an increasingly luxurious age, it is true, but our luxuries are their own defence in the infinitely enhanced attractiveness they confer. As the very head-centre of all loveliness in linen and lingerie, Graham, of Mount Street, may be mentioned appreciatively, seeing that, from Royalty through the various ranks of Mayfairian fair dames, few are strangers to the interior of his smart little shop, where so many notable trousseaux have been planned and performed.

An important and comprehensive sale, which began on Jan. 4, seems a special interposition of fate for forthcoming brides or others who may want to replenish their stores, inasmuch as Graham, having purchased the whole stock of a well-known Paris outfitter, has included all these extravagantly charming garments in his sale, and so gives us the opportunity of purchasing from a crowded selection of superfine French petticoats, with frillings and laces *ad lib*, tea-gowns of plissé silk, dressing-gowns of fine printed flannels, and other favourite materials, at prices destined to surprise even the unsurprisable British public. One of the breakfast *négligés* is reproduced, and, as will be seen, makes a very pretty and decorative appearance, its component parts being amber plissé silk (a material of which Graham has the monopoly), ivory lace, and narrow trimmings of skunk. Opera-cloaks in this beautifully light, soft, and decorative material, lined with squirrel and daintily bordered by ostrich-feather ruchings in any colour, are marked down from twelve to six guineas. China silk blouses, liberally garnished with laces and ribbons in a multitude of pretty colours and combinations, are obtainable for eighteen shillings and ninepence, actually less than the nimble guinea, although the original price stood at three pounds and

thereabouts. Cobwebby handkerchiefs of lace and cambric, either white or in faint shades of pink, sky, mauve, and yellow, are tied up in tempting half-dozens for the modest equivalent of five-and-ninepence. Riding-breeches, made in cashmere, spun silk, and perforated chambray leather, are an especially strong point with Graham, and his cycling specialities of the same family are comfortable, complete, and last, but by no means least, quite decorative. An elastic silk bodice to wear under the dress is incredibly light, warm, and shapely. Graham has made it constantly for the Princess of Wales, who is perhaps more particular on the subject of a shapely figure than any other fair woman in her future dominions. Baby-worshippers, in which category fond sponsors and grandmamas are particularly included, should attend this sale, if only to see the wonderful array of infantile garments on view, which are also placed in the sliding scale of low prices that rule at Graham's during January.

On the subject of evening and other gowns beside I have still more important matters to point out in connection with Madame Humble's sale in Conduit Street, which will last through January, and includes model gowns and millinery from the best French salons, as well as her own no less artistic handiwork. Some of the handsomely trimmed toques, picture-hats, and bonnets which have been but quite recently made are reduced from four and five guineas to a fourth of their original prices. A similar lavish rule applies to the cloaks, mantles, evening-wraps, and notably lovely array of dresses that form Madame Humble's present stock-in-trade, and the present opportunity is a particularly happy one for women on the wing to South or Sunny East, inasmuch as all models being of recent make and fashion, are yet as much reduced in price as if they were veritably and unwearably antique—a state of things never possible to Madame Humble's well-managed ménage. One of her notably smartest gowns is a pink satin dinner-dress, the bodice made in two shades of rose satin, prettily banded with rows of black velvet ribbon, while a broad waist-piece of fine silver and pink coral embroidery is heightened in effect by a dainty drapery of ivory lace, knotted up on shoulders to disclose cunningly arranged sleevelets made bow fashion of pink lisse over ribbon with narrow puffings of white. A rich afternoon-gown of bronze-green and white-striped brocade, trimmed with long vandykes of mink on front and sides of skirt, had a particularly impressive corsage crowned with a velvet cape effect, made short and full with jabot of old lace and edgings of rich brown fur—quite the ideal winter form of prosperous matronhood. This indoor gown illustrated, of soft black Zibelline cloth, with folded vest and bolero fronts of beetroot-coloured velvet, edged with mink and strapped across with insertions of Flemish lace, is useful and smart to the last degree. A jaunty Philippe toque to go with this costume is in two shades of dull rose, its soft folds arranged in most becoming sequence. A very queen among tailor-made frocks, with beautifully cut skirt and the smartest of jackets, is made of black cloth, with fancifully braided seams, and a collar of chinchilla. Silk of a vivid yet delicate green is used to line skirt and jacket, while also appearing in the gay little blouse-bodice, tucked and frilled bewitchingly.

An outdoor gown for early spring is illustrated so that its "points" may be properly conveyed. The material is a dark Oxford tweed flecked with grey, having for folded waistband and front the prettiest possible tartan, in which orange plays a prominent part, an amber velvet neck-band and jabot of lace carrying out the colour scheme effectively; and I particularly admired the art with which a quite distinctive style of zouave was treated back and front, and which gave the entire costume an air *très chic*. This grey felt hat, with trimming of curled coque feathers around its crown, and a green-blue tartan ribbon arranged in upstanding loops and *cache-peigne*, gives the last touch to a particularly neat altogether. Lastly, but firstly as far as my affections were concerned, I saw at Humble's a skirt of biscuit-coloured cloth lined up with turquoise silk, the latter enchanting colour repeated in a zouave bodice under garniture of richly patterned guipure, the sleeves and collar of Canadian sable making the best possible contrast to both these colours and materials—a gown which of a surety in the smartest assembly might easily outlive its dearest enemy.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SWALLOW (Maidenhead).—I cannot recommend a better opportunity for your wardrobe furbishing than Peter Robinson's sale, which began on Jan. 4. Everything is so ruinously dear in the Nice and Cannes shops that it is frequently found a very expensive mistake to go South without being well equipped at all points—that is, for those who do not possess Chicago incomes. You will find blouses at this sale going for the proverbial song, or thereabouts, a form of garment inevitable to all occasions abroad. There are about five or six hundred to choose from at Peter Robinson's, very slightly out of condition and all "marked down" to extremely low prices. Some particularly gay silk and chiffon evening-bodices are to be given at a simple guinea and forty-five shillings, whose former equivalents ranged from four to ten guineas. A whole gallery of French tea-gowns have climbed down from lofty pecuniary heights to the most get-at-able figures. Some of these are examples by Worth, Duet, and other master-craftsmen, and visions of inventive loveliness. Packets of six veils, in all the newest devices, are to be sold for three-and-sixpence! And I suppose you know what they ask for veilings abroad?—twelve and fourteen francs the mètre being a quite ordinary price. I think this short summary will answer most of your questions, but, as you are leaving so early, I should go on the 8th to Peter Robinson's—the "early bird" proverb applying very nearly to sales.

(2) Ciro's Restaurant is perhaps the one you mean at Monte.

CASTLE BOLLO.—Streeter would reset the emeralds. Yes, with turquoises they are fashionable in Paris, but not yet over here.

Mrs. C. W.—(Castlegarren).—I should think you could get the "Queen" Fire-Lighting Fan from any first-rate Dublin ironmonger. The makers' address is—Cherry Tree Machine Company, Cherry Tree, Blackburn. SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Jan. 12.*

We can only begin our "Notes" in 1897 by wishing all our readers a happy and prosperous New Year; at the same time, we must ask them to excuse us from making any precise or even vague prophecies as to the course of events until it is possible to see with a little more clearness than at present into the probable outlook for both politics and finance during the year now commencing.

## INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

The long run of cheap money has forced up the values of all investment securities to famine price, and the three or four months of higher loan rates has had, so far, no appreciable effect upon the old quotations, chiefly because people refuse to believe that anything like a 4 per cent. Bank rate can be maintained.

We have been looking through the lists of high-class securities, and find that the return given by "Goschens" is below 2 per cent., while Two and a-Half per Cent. Consols yield the investor but  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and out of even Local Loans Stock it is impossible to get 2 per cent. if you allow for repayment at par in 1912. Of course, the price of Consols and other English Government securities is kept at this—we say advisedly—absurd level by the purchases for the Post Office Savings Banks, the Paymaster-General, and suchlike persons, not by any investment purchases from the general public.

A man has to be *very* rich to live on a return of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. for his invested capital, and, if he is rich enough for such a luxury, he generally has more brains than to let his capital lie rotting at such a price.

If the public do not buy Consols, they do certainly invest in British Corporation Stocks, and, hunting with the greatest care through the whole list, we can only find one stock (Southampton Three and a-Half) out of which 3 per cent. can be squeezed, although in several cases, such as Weymouth Three per Cent., Sheffield Three and a-Half per Cent., Tynemouth Three per Cent., and a few more, a yield of £2 17s. per cent. or over is to be obtained.

The debentures and bonds of British Colonies give a slightly better return, but, allowing for redemption at par in the course of years, anything beyond  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is practically unobtainable. The investor will find many small loans, such as of Trinidad, Nova Scotia, Ceylon Four and a-Half per Cents, and the like, the price of which appears tempting; but, as a matter of fact, the quotations are purely nominal, for you may try for a month, or, for that matter, often for six months, and always have the same answer, "The jobbers have no stock to sell." The careful investor will get a slightly better return from buying "bonds to bearer" rather than inscribed Colonial stock, because trustees and suchlike persons imagine they are safer in holding the latter form of security. For ourselves we infinitely prefer "bonds to bearer," as a far more convenient form of investment, apart from the increased yield (quite  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on the average). All you have to do with bearer bonds is to carry them to your banker, who will take care of them for you, cut off the coupons, and credit you with the interest to the very day. Is the banker responsible if his clerks steal the bonds or if the bank is burnt down? we hear the nervous reader ask. Probably he is; but as no banker has yet been found bold enough to resist a customer's claim under such circumstances, we believe the point has never been decided. If you want to make yourself *absolutely* safe under every possible set of circumstances, get a five-pound overdraft from your banker on all your bonds to bearer, and the question of his liability is at an end, while the interest on five pounds per annum is not a large premium to pay as security against ever such a shadowy risk.

Next week we propose to continue this subject, and hope to deal with both English and American Railway debentures, and, if we can find room, foreign stocks in addition.

## CHARTERLAND.

We are able to give our correspondent's promised letter on the agricultural prospects of Rhodesia, from which we think our readers will perceive that, if the future of the great Chartered Company has to depend on farmers and stock-breeders, there is a poor look-out for its shareholders in the dividend line. To put the matter in a nutshell, if the present generation is ever to see any return on its capital expenditure, the success of the gold-mining industry is essential to that return; but, given a prosperous mining population, there is a reasonable prospect of agriculture proving a by no means bad speculation for those engaged in it, and a remunerative source of income to the Chartered Company. The evidence at our disposal makes us believe that there is a very poor ground for expecting any considerable success in the so-called gold-mines of Mashonaland, while as to Matabeleland, we have not sufficient material to form a reliable judgment, but such as we have does not encourage us to be over-hopeful.

## THE AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS OF RHODESIA.

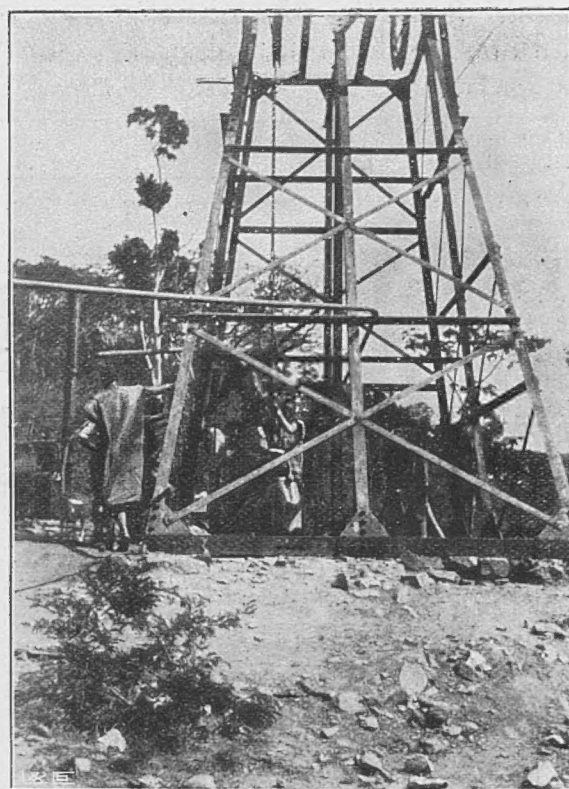
It is not easy to write without prejudice on the future prospects of agriculture in Rhodesia, more especially when the immediate outlook is as black as it can be, for all the results of labour and the expenditure of capital have been destroyed in a few months by the double blow of rinderpest and Native risings.

Ever since the occupation of the country in 1890, the farmer has had an exceedingly hard time, nor has he had, so far, a fair chance. In 1891 immense hordes of locusts overran the land, and seem to have been there ever since in more or less large numbers, making farming most difficult, especially in very dry

seasons, when there is little natural green vegetation about to attract them, and every patch of cultivation which happens to be irrigated, and perhaps sown with oats or vegetables, or planted with fruit-trees, is immediately attacked, and stripped in the twinkling of an eye. And yet the natives say locusts had not been known in the country before; in fact, the common superstition is that the white man brought them with him. Everybody lives in hope that the time may come when the locusts will depart to the wild regions of the North from whence they came.

Then, again, drought, which had never troubled the farmer before, has been very severe during the last two years, especially in Western Matabeleland; and, to add to all, rinderpest (a plague which is apparently an incurable disease of the bowels, and has probably spread over the country from the North southwards through Central Africa) has practically swept away the bulk of the cattle. The few that had escaped the disease by careful isolation on farms not infected were eventually captured by the natives during the rising, and driven about from one infected place to another until now there are substantially none at all left. Of course, the natives have also destroyed many home-steads, crops, and young plantations of fruit-trees. I understand that the Chartered Company are going to give compensation for these losses, so that, although there are many difficulties to overcome, and the present aspect is dismal enough, there is no reason why, when re-stocked and peacefully settled, Rhodesia should not eventually become the best ranching country in South Africa, and from this industry provide a means of revenue both for the Government and the settlers, apart from gold-mining, upon which hitherto the former has entirely depended for supplies. The country is admirably suited for the raising of cattle, with its extensive grazing lands interlaced with innumerable small streams, which feed the rivers flowing north into the Zambezi and south into the Limpopo.

Years before the Chartered Company was ever heard of, Mashonaland was a favourite resort of traders to barter for cattle and to supply the markets in the Cape Colony and the Transvaal. Of course, the large herds which once



SHAFT OF AYRSHIRE MINE, WITH NATIVE WORKMEN COMING UP.

belonged to Lobengula were well known, and it is a pity that such numbers of these cattle, which were taken after the first Matabele War, should have been sold and driven out of the country, instead of being kept there to increase and stock the land. The native cattle are small but hardy, and the cows give comparatively little milk, but they cross well with colonial cattle. The offspring of such cross-breeding is first-rate, both in respect of its beef-yielding properties and utility for dairy purposes, as also for transport work, well-trained oxen for which are always greatly in demand all over South Africa. I know several farmers who, just before the outbreak of rinderpest, had by careful selection succeeded in raising first-rate stock, and had been making good money by weeding out and selling their inferior cattle.

The best grazing lands in Matabeleland are round Bulawayo, and extend north-east to Gwelo. There are also some excellent farms in the vicinity of Salisbury, extending about fifty miles north to the Umvukwe range, after which the country is broken and mountainous, and more or less covered with bush. Good ranching country also extends east along the road to Umtali, where the veldt is quite open, with undulating hills which appear suitable for sheep-raising.

Sheep have not yet been tried to any extent, so that it is impossible to say how they will prosper, but I fear the warm, damp weather of the rainy season would make them liable to foot-rot and other diseases fatal to the successful management of large sheep-runs. Goats, however, thrive, and have been kept by the natives for years, although they are very amenable to the "scab."

The farms upon which any work has been done are those within easy reach of the various townships and along the coach-roads. In some instances farmers have done very well with their dairy produce, pigs, and poultry, which is not surprising when butter in the local markets varies from 2s. 6d. to 6s. per lb., eggs 4s. to 10s. per doz., and bacon 2s. 6d. to 4s. per lb. Vegetables of all kinds are equally expensive, especially potatoes; and market-gardening, which has been hitherto monopolised almost entirely by coolies, has paid very well. Those farmers who have been fortunate enough to preserve their crops of oats from the locusts have made a good deal of money, forage fetching from 9d. to 3s. a small bundle. Of course, the market prices vary enormously, as the demand is limited and the market easily glutted; but prices have sometimes risen even higher owing to the ravages of locusts and cattle-diseases. The farmer, however, cannot count on the misfortunes of his fellows to produce a steady income, but must depend more upon the average price for his stock of cattle, for which there is always a demand.



Some farms near the rivers are well suited for irrigation, and wheat and oats can be grown in the winter months. Farmers have not yet been able to do much in this way for fear of the locusts. Wheat especially has been grown in very small quantities, but its quality is good. Mealies can be raised in the wet season, which lasts from November till April. In fact, everything in the grain and vegetable line does well, and if the mining industry prospers and brings population, there will always be a good market for the produce, otherwise I fear Rhodesia will never be able to compete with other grain-growing countries, even in the South African markets. Even when the railways are open, rates down to the coast cannot be below £15 or £16 per ton for a long time, and the soil is not rich enough to grow grain as in parts of Australia or America. The climate, on the whole, is good, with often very hot days, although not oppressive. It is never too hot to work all day, and with always a nice cool night, which in the winter is occasionally accompanied by a slight frost towards the early morning. This, of course, renders the country unsuitable for coffee or sugar.

Although fever is prevalent during and for a short time after the rainy season, especially in the low-lying lands, it is not of a virulent type, and no more than what may be expected in any new country. But, as civilisation advances and the vegetation is fed upon and trodden down by cattle, fever will gradually vanish, and Rhodesia, without doubt, prove to be essentially a white man's country.

What is now required is a rapid advance of the railways from Beira to Umtali and Salisbury, and from Mafeking to Bulawayo. The natural route into the country is *via* Beira to Umtali, a distance of 180 miles, over about 130 miles of which the railway now passes. From this point the difficulties of construction are comparatively small, and two branch lines, one of about 120 miles to Salisbury, and one of about 300 miles direct to Bulawayo, *via* Gwelo, would satisfactorily open up the country. This would bring Bulawayo within 480 miles of the coast, and Salisbury within 300 miles. From the Cape to Bulawayo is a distance of 1420 miles, over 400 of which the railway still has to be built. On the other hand, Beira is not a good port, and badly managed owing to the dilatoriness, to use a mild word, of the Portuguese.

The construction of the Beira Railway has been authorised as far as Umtali, and when I passed through the country, three months ago, they were pushing on the earthworks, which are now within about forty miles of Umtali. But the railway—to give it a dignified name—is merely a tram-line with light rails of 2 ft. 6 in. gauge, and rolling-stock utterly inadequate to cope with traffic required of it. The Beira Railway Company does not hold itself responsible for any loss or damage done to goods in transit, and, in consequence, merchants and agents have no end of trouble through the carelessness of officials, the stealing of goods by natives, and also by fire caused by the sparks from the engine, owing to wood having to be employed for fuel. The bridge across the Pungwe River is in course of construction, and will connect the railway with Beira. This will be certainly a great improvement to the present method of carrying goods by boat up the Pungwe River, but it seems absurd that the small railway on the Beira side of the Pungwe River, of about forty miles in length, should belong to a separate company, in which Mr. George Pauling is chiefly interested. This gentleman is contracting for the railways in Rhodesia, and is also Administrator of Public Works—a dual position unusual, to say the least of it, and certainly very objectionable.

#### THE MINING MARKET.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the past week has been principally one of holidays, not business, but the tone has been fairly healthy in Kaffirs. The East Rand debenture issue appears to us a little less objectionable than the old scheme, as to which we had our say last month; but, while framed to look reasonable, is, as a matter of fact, constructed in the interest of the H. F. Syndicate. The South African "bosses" cannot really play fair, and it is this incurable vice which causes real danger to the Kaffir Market. The Jay Goulds and Jim Hills of America have practically killed public dealing in Yankee Rails on this side, and if Barney Barnato, George Farrar, and the rest of the South African mining leaders are not careful they will do the same for Kaffirs. Upon the whole, prudent buying of good shares will probably prove profitable. African Estates and Violets among the cheap lot, and Bonanzas, Bantjes, and Shebas among the higher-priced shares, should repay a purchase, but we do not recommend them for a quick turnover.

Among West Australians the good mines have held their own, and even improved in value, especially Lake View Consols, Great Boulders, Brown Hills, and Ivanhoes, the very mines, in fact, which our West Australian correspondent, even in his most critical mood, always recommended. Week after week brings further news of undoubted failures, the last crop being St. Denis, Black Flag Proprietary, Brookman's Boulder, Brownhill Proprietary, and Golden Plum. Of these, the latter is the only one of which we ever had any high opinion, and we confess the report which Mr. A. E. Morgans has sent over fairly surprised us. Somebody certainly must have been lying—no milder word will do, for, according to reports circulated here, and acted upon, as we know, by those behind the scenes, there was *ore at grass* which would average between two and three ounces to the ton, and keep the battery going for twelve months. Where is it? We can understand mistakes being made as to the amount of ore which can be extracted from certain levels in any mine, and as to the average value of it; but *ore at grass* is quite a different thing. We are not very sweet on the immediate future of the West Australian Market, because we suspect that month by month we shall have a further crop of failures to report; but if one can believe anything, the reports that reach us of Boulder Main Reef and Menzies Gold Reefs should make both of them worth buying.

In our issue of Dec. 16 we gave a picture of a mine at Rossland. We are asked to state that our illustration represents the Georgia Gold-mining Company's property, and was from a photograph taken by Mr. Hedley Chapman, president of the company.

#### NEW ISSUES.

For the last two weeks the promoter has given the public a rest, but, if all one hears is true, a large crop of new ventures will shortly make their appearance. Every effort is to be made to boom British Columbian mines, and two or three exploration companies are coming out as a preliminary. Several big industrial concerns are being underwritten; the Wicks Type-casting Machine, with a strong board and a capital of £300,000, is to be offered, and we know of half-a-dozen West Australian and New South Wales mines whose preliminary prospectuses are passing

from hand to hand. Our readers cannot be too cautious about subscribing for new companies just now, and we beg them in no case to apply for more shares than they really want, with the idea that they will not get all they ask for.

Saturday, Jan. 2, 1897.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. S.—We have handed your letter and photograph to the Editor. What on earth has it to do with financial matters?

DIMRYG.—You had far better hold on to your Santa Fé and Reconquista bonds. SIMPLEX.—You had better hold Day Dawn Block shares. The company is doing reasonably well and making money. If you can afford it, you might even buy a few more.

CYMRO.—(1) We should hold. (2) No. (3) Yes, you may well buy both.

COLMORE.—All four concerns have fair prospects, we believe. They could not have been bought on our advice, but if we held shares we should not sell at present prices.

A. J. E.—We think well of the mine, and, although the shares are lower than when we recommended them, they have been higher in the interval. The continual disappointments in the West Australian Market, such as St. Denis, Black Flag Proprietary, and Brookman's Boulder, within the last few days have a depressing effect, but if you will hold for a short time, and take a reasonable profit, we think you will do well at the price you purchased.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE.—We think so, but you should be prepared to hold for more than "a month or two." Buy, pay for, and lock up, is the proper spirit in which to approach these shares.

G. C. A. (Kalgoorlie).—Thank you for your letter. The gentlemen you name are supposed to be market manipulators of the first water; but then most of us on this side only buy to sell again as soon as we can find some other fool who will give us a profit, and it often pays well to buy mines "bossed" by the class of man you so strongly object to.

ALPHA.—(1) Have nothing to do with the people you mention. See our Correspondence columns all through last year. (2) The bonds are all right, but the chances of a prize are remote.

CHERRY.—We presume you mean the Marine and General Mutual Life Insurance Society. If so, you would be quite safe.

TERRORS.—(1) You had better hold for a bit, and get out as soon as you can at a small loss. (2) Yes. (3) As a speculation, yes; but don't hold too long.

ATTENBURY.—We never give names of brokers in this paper except by medium of private letter. We don't think the shares worth even 2s. 6d.

D.—The office is one in which we certainly would not insure. We do not like the directors, the capital is absurdly small, and the whole concern has not been established two years. You had far better pay a little more in an office with a few millions of accumulated funds.

PROPULSION.—According to the *Pull Mall Gazette* of one day last week, the money which certain applicants for shares had paid has, under pressure, been returned to them. We think you had better get a solicitor to write a letter and threaten an action unless you are treated in the same way. It will probably produce the desired effect. Please consider this as an addition to our answer in *The Sketch* of Dec. 23.

F. C. P.—We wrote you a long and special letter on the 2nd inst.

SEA SIDE.—We strongly urge you not to buy the shares you write about. Get rid of those you have if you can.

BRUN.—We don't like the "gang" from which this brewery came. It is quite impossible to say what the future may bring forth, and, if it is dividends you are going for, we doubt if you will live long enough to see one; but, if the result of the current year's working enabled even half the pref. dividend arrears to be cleared off, the price would rise and you would see a profit on your purchase. If we had got in at your price we should hold for a few months.

DISGUSTED.—The company is dead, and was dissolved on Dec. 31, 1895. Notice to this effect appeared in the *London Gazette* of the above date. At Somerset House there is no entry on the file of a liquidation, but if you wrote to the Senior Official Receiver at the company's winding-up office, Carey Street, he might be able to give you some further information. The last-known address is 5, Copthall Buildings, E.C.

MACHINES.—We did not refer to the tyre machine in the remarks quoted by you. The only advice we can give is not to subscribe to the company when it comes out. The tyre we spoke of is of the tubeless kind, and will not be publicly offered at all.

Owing to the order made by the Home Secretary on Dec. 19, 1896, and issued in the *London Gazette* on the 22nd of that month, public attention has been drawn to the all-important question of the use of safety explosives in coal-mines. This order absolutely prohibits the use of gunpowder and many other explosives, and only permits eight, of which, however, restrictions are placed on three, which are apt to freeze above the freezing-point of water. There will, apparently, be little in the field to compete with Westphalite, which is claimed to be absolutely safe when brought in contact with either coal-dust or fire-damp, the two great causes of the terrible colliery disasters which from time to time bring misery to so many homes. Westphalite is said to have the great advantage of being the cheapest explosive of any strength in the market.